

THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

THE MEXICAN PUZZLE.

RIGHTLY to estimate the difficulties of the Mexican question it is necessary to keep two things steadily in view: first, that the Mexican people are utterly unfit for a republican form of government; and second, that the American people will not permit any other to exist there. The first postulate has been altogether appreciated by the Franco-Austrian allies who have sought to profit by it; the second has been, to their cost, only dimly perceived or imperfectly believed in. The astonishing ignorance which prevails in Europe relative to the forces and social phenomena of this country has been plentifully illustrated before the time of the Mexican expedition; and it has ceased to be any more a matter of surprise that Europeans should be mad enough to undertake such enterprises than that they should go mad as a consequence of them. In the present instance no greater help to European democracy can be conceived of than the Mexican expedition first and last will afford. The loss of prestige to the Napoleonic dynasty which is involved in it cannot be disguised or atoned, and the ominous murmurs of Parisian republicans no less than the curt hauteur of Bismarck are the mere echoes of that song of disaster which is heard from the far Cordilleras. None so blind, it is said, as those who won't see; and even the countrymen of De Tocqueville talked of America three or four years ago, in many cases, very much as conceited children might talk of events in the heart of China or argue over the internal polity of the Birman Empire. At about the same time so great an authority as *The London Times* was asserting that Mr. Lincoln had abused England sufficiently to obtain the vote of the Irish mob, locating the town of Lowell in Connecticut, and discussing speeches made by Mr. Fernando Wood in the United States Senate; so that the mistakes of those Europeans who do not speak our language and who have nothing in common with our institutions appear less strange, even when they are more stupendous.

But, leaving the French Emperor and his unfortunate puppet to get out of Mexico, and to tide over the blunder which is worse than crime whereby they got into it, as best they may, the question, which is likely to be a most puzzling and troublesome one, remains, what are we to do with Mexico ourselves? It is easy to say re-establish the republic. The expulsion of the French is the practical vindication of the Monroe doctrine. But what does this mean and to what does it lead? When, in 1821, President Monroe promulgated his theory it was founded substantially upon the following arguments: "We have tried a republic for forty years and it has worked successfully. Mexico having thrown off the Spanish yoke and her sister colonies of the south having followed her example, they should be allowed the same opportunity for self-government as we ourselves have enjoyed; and by this means the offensive and perilous example of monarchy can be kept at a distance. We will, therefore, signify our intention to resist any attempt to reinstate European government or ascendancy upon this continent."

This was in 1821; but, after forty years had rolled away, the force of the argument was, in part at least, broken by the unanswerable test of experience. So far from being fit for democracy, the Mexicans showed to a demonstration that they were unfit to govern themselves at all. Their history as a nation is a mere congeries of riot, revolution, *pronunciamientos*, and spoliation. It stands in evidence that, whatever may be the case with Anglo-Saxons, the Latin race, with its existing amalgams, is not yet prepared for democracy. This proves nothing against republics any further than that they are at present not equally adapted to all nations and all climes. If the great, prosperous, and protecting example of the United States could not induce Mexicans to uphold institu-

tions cast in the same mold and promising results equally felicitous, it is plain that those institutions were foreign to their taste and unsuitable for their development. In the meanwhile, the immense growth of this country seems to put out of the question all idea that the example of any form of government established in conterminous territory would have effect on our own. A converse effect is, from all the circumstances, much more probable. We have also to consider that speculation concerning the extension of our national area must include some very different conditions from those which it embraced in 1860. The abolition of slavery, and the new light which has been thrown upon the risks of disintegration which are connected with a wide-spread territory, change, if they do not simplify, the elements of the problem. All things considered, it will be wise for this country to avert as long as possible—assuming it to be ultimately inevitable—that solution of the Mexican dilemma which would be found in annexation.

The situation is one of grave difficulty. Our government has consistently recognized Señor Juarez as President *de jure* through all the imperial farce; but his claims are vigorously contested, and it is certain that his occupancy of the chair would be distasteful to great numbers. Ortega has his partisans and so have others, and, Maximilian out of the country, the adverse factions would no doubt begin fighting each other in their conventional old-fashioned style. To prevent this, there is nothing for it but forcible intervention. And, even supposing we may constitutionally do so, are we prepared to imitate the part of Napoleon—to maintain with the bayonet a President in lieu of an Emperor? It is the anticipation of this awkward contingency, coupled with a wholesome recollection of her wretched history, which has led many among us who are no special friends of imperialism almost to hope that the archduke might succeed in establishing a stable government, and that our governmental policy would not be that of obstructing such an end. Strong government may be a very bad thing, but it is better than anarchy, and it is difficult to see how there can be in Mexico more than these two horns to the dilemma. The democratic forms may be kept up to save American prejudices, but in that case the sustaining power must lie in our own strong arm and the reality must be a military protectorate. The Mexicans have changed their masters so often as to indicate that they rather enjoy it, and this would be the sum and substance of the transition. On the other hand, such a course would involve heavy cost to our treasury, and, what were worse, certain critical temptations. The public have really had no opportunity as yet of expressing their will on this very important subject, but it is to be hoped that they will indorse no salient imprudencies which may possibly cost inestimable future embarrassments. We have seen a very forcible proof of the extreme awkwardness of disposing of the Mexican white elephant; if we are wise, we shall profit by the example and, to use the significant phrase, let it severally alone.

MR. GREELEY AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

CERTAIN journalists, with a want of generosity which is very repulsive but very common, are endeavoring to undermine Mr. Greeley's chances for the senatorial nomination by attacking his late manifesto on "Impartial Suffrage and Universal Amnesty;" vehemently declaring that no man capable of writing that document is fit to represent his party in the Senate of the United States. There is a logical blunder as well as a gross illiberality involved in this assumption which deserves analysis and exposure. An editor is one thing and a senator is another; and however plausible and therefore damaging it may be to assume that their duties and responsibilities are common ones, such a declaration is not only disingenuous but absurd. The editor of a newspaper is not necessarily bound to please or to act under the orders of his constituency, but a political servant of the people is, under our system, implicitly so bound. His disregard of this principle has made the President so unpopular that the community listens with patience to threats of his impeachment. A senator does not, to be sure, owe his election directly to the people, but

the distinction is immaterial to the matter we have in hand. He goes to Congress under specific instructions, for the most part, to govern himself in accordance with the maxims or policy of the party to which he owes his elevation. He is the servant of the people. But the editor is in a different category; he is not the people's servant, but the people's teacher, or, if you will, adviser. He is not bound by any obligation to strive always to please or satisfy the majority of his readers; although a business necessity, which will be more or less modified by conscience, will generally urge him in such a direction. He surveys an extensive field and brings to the contemplation such intellect and experience and scholarship as he possesses with a view to teach, to enlighten, and to instruct as much or as many as may be possible. Sometimes it will happen that prejudice or unfortunate mischance may, in his opinion, temporarily poison or pervert the public mind, and the editor may think it his duty to seek to neutralize or soften such a state of things even when to intensify it would be apparently favorable to principles with which he may, in general, be identified. This appears to be Mr. Greeley's present attitude. Right or wrong, his policy is on the side of kindness, of mutual forbearance and good will. He thinks there may be too much acerbity in the North towards her recent opponents which may needlessly keep alive a corresponding bitterness, and, with what would be called magnanimity by lucid and unprejudiced minds, he essays, and not for the first time, to sweeten, temper, and assuage it. If Mr. Greeley were proverbially an intriguing and self-seeking man, one who had always striven to purchase success at the expense of his convictions or of a just consistency, the present outcry might do him more mischief than as the case stands it is likely to do. If he had ever been sent to Congress on the strength of his prominent position as a publicist, and had he when he got there deliberately sacrificed the wishes and outraged the convictions of his constituents for the sake of a personal advantage, and had he when his trick proved a despicable failure essayed to slink back into the fold he had betrayed, to take his place once again at the guns of the ship he had deserted, Mr. Greeley might now be justly regarded with suspicion by his party, and ineligibility to the senatorial chair might fairly be inferable from his straying, as for the moment he may have done, outside his party lines.

For ourselves, we care very little for party, but we care a great deal for fair play. There are not so many upright and able men among the Republicans who are of the stuff that senators should be made of as to make it wise for the Republican press ceaselessly to rail at and disparage one of the most eminent in the category. Neither will it be wise in the long run to brand the expression of kindness and brotherly feeling toward the South as a political crime. Mr. Greeley has proposed a solution of an exceedingly difficult national problem which, if not the wisest and best that can be devised, is worthy of respect on account of its source, and has at least the merit of being explicit, generous, and manly. There are many who are very industrious in assailing him, but who lack the courage openly to advocate, as he does, a policy which was tolerably certain to be detrimental to his immediate political interests rather than otherwise. It by no means follows that, because in his independent position as editor of *The Tribune* he has launched forth certain suggestions, he would necessarily, in his pledged position as senator for the state of New York, adhere to or be bound by them. In the former case he is responsible only to a general public sentiment whose limits are of the widest and vaguest description; in the latter, to a distinct political organization with unequivocal principles and aims, which those whom it sends to represent it implicitly accept with their stations and are pledged in honor to be guided by. The confusion which Mr. Greeley's opponents have endeavored to create respecting the very sharp and clearly marked boundary which divides and distinguishes these two sets of obligations is altogether discreditable and unworthy; and inasmuch as we are of opinion that Mr. Greeley would prove a very good senator, we shall not be sorry, or indeed much surprised, if these petty attacks should

react injuriously upon their inventors, and, by assisting their object to the nomination, should thus hoist his enemies, like the engineer, with their own petard.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

THE annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, while it presents to the country a very favorable condition of the national revenues and a healthy decrease of the national debt, contains no notable expression of financial policy, and is especially deficient in broad, statesmanlike views of the financial future. It asserts what every one accepts as a truism, that the particular end which our financial policy ought to have in view is a return to specie payments, but it fails to point out how and when that end is to be accomplished. The secretary makes the broad assertion that the resumption of specie payments is not to be attained by accumulating gold in the Treasury, but he does not advance a single argument to sustain his proposition. So, too, he asserts that the end in question is to be attained by increased production and lower prices, but he also fails to indicate how increased production and lower prices are to be attained, and how they are to produce the required effect when accomplished. To advise a return to lower prices as a means of accomplishing national prosperity seems to be to advise a fallacy. It is something like asking people to throw away a portion of their property. While the currency is in its present condition lower prices cannot be attained. Let the Treasury make itself strong in coin reserve, and, just in the ratio that the coin reserve bears to the currency debt, prices will fall. The same result may be had by reducing the volume of the currency. But that reduction cannot with safety be made any faster than the secretary is now making it. We confess that we are disappointed with the report. We looked to see some distinct enunciation of sound financial doctrine; especially we looked to see the secretary advocate the retention in the Treasury of a certain large sum in coin reserve. Instead of this we find a great deal about commercial panics and the regulation of trade. The Secretary of the Treasury is not the head of a board of trade. It is no part of his business to regulate commerce or to decide when it is for the interest of other countries to sell their coin. His business is to manage the finances of this nation with a due regard, of course, to our own mercantile interests; but even this is only secondary to his chief employment. We did not expect to hear from the secretary that there are substantial objections to all banks of issue, or to read his opinion that if there were no banks in existence he would not be in favor of their establishment. There are substantial objections to steamships, and gas and water in houses, and there are old fogies who will not travel in the one or allow the others in their dwellings; but, notwithstanding, the probability is that the modern improvements will continue to be used. Discussions of this nature are out of place in the report. We want facts and practical suggestions. But the suggestions of the secretary are meager, and chiefly go to letting him have a full discretion to do what he pleases. This, it seems to us, will not suit the people. If he had a good, sound policy to propose, he would probably obtain discretion enough. But he really has none. He asserts again and again very stale commonplaces, but he has nothing comprehensive to offer. His report is that of the head of a bureau, not that of a finance minister. The consequence will be that the formation of a financial policy will be left to the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives. Whatever plans may be adopted, the people will not be satisfied with them unless they are based upon practical sense. Theories will not hold water in finance except they be based on well-known laws. No effort to put down prices will be successful until the government shows itself to be in a position to reduce its obligations due on demand, and any attempt to do this by piecemeal will inevitably bring on panics and disaster. On the contrary, should the Treasury hold as much gold as it owes in currency, payment could be made of the whole without reducing the volume; or, rather, a readiness to pay might be announced, but would not be availed of to any extent until the natural working of the laws of currency sent into

the Treasury the redundant portion for redemption. It is about time we had learned the fact that we cannot lift ourselves out of the financial mud by tugging at our own waistbands.

NAUGHTY GIRLS.

A CUSTOM prevails in some European cities of quietly removing *vi et armis* persons who insist on disturbing the audience in theater or opera house with selfish and untimely noise. If young ladies, or those who have the garb if not the manners of such, continue to indulge at New York places of amusement in practices which can be described by no milder terms, we really must urge that it will constitute a fit matter for the interference of the police. The nuisance is most conspicuous at the afternoon performances which the conductors think proper to call *matinées*. Whether the absence of male companions it is which leads young women to misconduct themselves in this unseemly manner we know not; but we know that it has now become almost impossible to enjoy a day performance, more especially of a musical character, at any theater in town, because of the insufferable and most indelicate noise made by those who, if appearances are to be trusted, ought surely to have learned better manners at home. What with the giggling, the screaming, and the bustle of these fair disturbers, the auditorium is made more like a village school in an uproar than a temple of art where ladies and gentlemen are supposed to assemble to enjoy the works of famous masters; and, what is amusing as well as irritating, the slightest mark of impatience or reproof of their unreasonable antics is apt to be received very much as insulting proposals may be supposed to be by an indignant spinster.

There is something very charming in the indications of good spirits, and the laughter of girls has been celebrated by Byron, as well as by older poets, as among the most melodiously delightful of sounds. But there is a place for everything, and we go to theaters not to listen to the audience but to the players. Habits such as these grow rapidly worse through being unchecked; and we are not surprised to hear that intelligent foreigners are invariably doubtful of the character of ladies who commit themselves in a manner which, to their eyes, is so equivocal. It is quite as inconsistent with good breeding to spoil the pleasure of one's company in a large or public place as it is in a small or private one, and it is surprising that so many who would be outraged by a man's walking into their drawing-rooms with a cigar in his mouth and his hat on, should so repeatedly be guilty of infringements which are in no degree less improper. We have heard a whole act of a favorite opera positively spoiled by the racket of a bevy of pretty girls, while the poor patient men sat silently under the infliction, unable or unwilling to venture a word of remonstrance.

Surely this absurd and unlady-like habit should be peremptorily abated. It is not only disagreeable to all of the audience who do not yield to its temptations, but disrespectful and peculiarly annoying to the artists. The latter have a right to expect that those who do not care to listen to them will stay away from their performance; and the contrary practice, as we have frequently seen, has the effect to make them careless, slovenly, and even impudently familiar with the audience. Thus the character of the representations steadily deteriorates, and art is in consequence the sufferer. We know of no petty evil or abuse incident to our growing metropolitan society which is in its way more preposterous and discreditable than the one we cite. It is altogether unworthy of the city, and of what are or should be the standards of its intelligence and good breeding; and we should be glad to see some signs of reformation which should promise an entire cessation of such childish discourtesy for the future.

TEN DECADES FOR EVERYBODY.

THE deterioration of the American from the parent stock is an unpleasant probability if not an acknowledged fact. That the Puritans—a sturdy, hardy race, able to battle with the most adverse circumstances on our shores—have not bequeathed to their descendants robust constitutions is a matter of history. The whole framework of our being is more delicate; our shoulders and jaws have narrowed; we have more sensitive nerves, more restless mental activity, and less bodily endurance. Climate is sometimes made to bear the blame of this. But why talk of the climate of a continent? We certainly can command, in some portions of our vast country, as fine an atmosphere as exists in the most favored part of the small islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Diet is mentioned as another cause, and with reason. We, no doubt, are less wise in our eating than our An-

glican cousins. The pastry-and-pickle-fed-babies whom Trollope met in the West still live their short and querulous lives, shaking our faith in the saying, "Whom the gods love die young." The hot bread and green tea of the South still furnish forth their tables and weaken the digestion of the partakers. The North, though improved in this respect by experience and example—by an affluence of new cookery books (formerly we only "saw through a glass" darkly"), to say nothing of the practical lectures of Professor Blot—has yet much to learn.

Want of fresh air, water, and exercise are given as still other causes of decay. These are much more sought after than formerly. Bathing is not only the habit but the fashion of the times. The record of persons who have used the public baths in our large cities shows that man only wants the necessary facilities to become a clean animal. Napoleon was in advance of his age and his countrymen in this as well as many other things. His daily ablutions at St. Helena are mentioned as something remarkable. Most mature men can look back to their school days when weekly immersions were considered sufficient.

Still another and more agreeable explanation of our physical inferiority to the English is that we have quicker and keener intellects—that the blade is so sharp that it wears out the scabbard. We can lay this "flattering unction to our souls" with some allowance. Is this cause or effect?

The war has, no doubt, hardened the race. It has been "kill or cure" with many; and now that all outdoor games and exercises are in the ascendant—that Balmoral boots and skirts are worn by our girls, instead of paper-soled shoes and cambric wrappings—that all the laws of health are better observed, we feel that we are rapidly moving in the right direction. Indeed, we must confess that for the last few years there has been an apprehension that "muscular Christianity" might be worshipped with too fanatical a zeal. In our schools and colleges boating, racing, training, drilling, and gymnastics have become almost the first objects with the students. We are so enthusiastic a people that we are apt to run to extremes, and wear out our hearts, souls, and bodies in pursuance of our favorite objects. These remarks apply, however, chiefly to our large towns. In the very small country villages which lie nestling along our river courses or perched on our hilly slopes reform is loudly called for.

If progress, however, is made at our centers of civilization, it will radiate to the extremities, and now that hygiene is understood so much better in our cities, we will suggest one further improvement. We grow old too soon. Young America has an unenviable reputation, but old America must bear half the blame. We not only allow ourselves to be laid on the shelf, but make our stay there as comfortable as possible, and repose contentedly, leaving society to go on without us, and encouraging our children to think the world is exclusively theirs.

Monsieur Flourens, a French academicien, has written a very curious book to prove that our lives ought to be longer, that our days should be forty-eight hours long, each season six months, etc. He recalls the shades of Fontenelle and Ninon de l'Enclos, and makes out an imposing list of thirty or forty names of cotemporary ultra-centurists. One of these, the curate of Artois, died at the age of 103 years, his servant being 104, and having always lived with him. What a satire upon the brief duration of this life in America? Monsieur Flourens is shocked at the disparity of age between a parrot, an elephant, and a man. "A stupid bird, with her tongue as black as ink, constantly repeating, 'polly have you breakfasted,' or any other foolish sentence, for one hundred years, while the Balzacs descend to the tomb in the flower of their genius!"

We have seen a most amusing comment on this book by Monsieur Xavier Aubryet, called *Quand doit on s'en aller?* (At what age should we take our leave?) The comparisons he draws between the English and French seem to us perfectly applicable to the English and Americans, and so pertinent to the subject of which we have been treating that we will translate some of his remarks, skimming the cream from this witty brochure for our readers. A Frenchman has the happy faculty of presenting a subject in a light, humorous, satirical vein, making it more attractive and more useful than when treated *à l'Anglaise*. There is as much difference as in a blow from a broadsword and a prick from a rapier. A Frenchman does not bring a cannon to shoot a humming-bird when a popgun may answer his purpose. A peck from a sharp-billed Gallic cock is less disagreeable than a toss from the horns of John Bull.

"To what," he asks, "should the humiliating superiority in a parrot's life over that of man be ascribed? Is it because all that destroys us—ambition, envy, and all evil passions—are spared the bird? Certainly, a great

deal of moral and physical hygiene is neglected. Carnally and spiritually we ought to remake and not unmake ourselves. Seneca even in his time says, '*Non accipimus brevem vitam sed facimus.*' What prevents our growing old is not a daily bottle of Bordeaux, a cutlet cooked between two others whose juice it steals without losing its own, the certainty of being elected to the French Academy, marrying a rich heiress, etc., etc. It is simply by not thinking we are growing old. 'One must live,' says Vannevargue, 'as if one never need die.' There are many persons who grow timorous at a certain date of their existence. At the first change they feel their pulse, look with regret upon their youthful portraits, and exhaust themselves in elegies on what they were. They plow their own wrinkles. Old people of both sexes resemble too often the tourist who, arrived at the middle part of a gothic tower, looks below. He is seized with vertigo. As you ascend keep your eyes towards heaven, or you are lost. Take the years as they come, but do not study your chronology too curiously. Say 'I will live,' and you will live. This is what the old Englishman understood perfectly, if we can call old those centurists who live five times twenty years but not a hundred. We shall here touch upon a most important question, which England has triumphantly answered. Old age, generally speaking, comes upon us as soon as we have passed the period usually given to amusement. We leave to another generation the task of representing life, contented ourselves with vegetating. Instead of disputing the ground inch by inch with the grave-diggers, we install them in our houses. At the third wrinkle which appears, at the third white hair we discover, we say, 'How useless it is to struggle against the calendar.' It is then we send away our tailor, and wear our old clothes. We say to our bootmaker 'fit me as you please.' Our washerwoman's bill grows smaller, not considering that the more one advances in life the more care is necessary to repair the outrages of time.

"We begin to decline when scarcely arrived at sixty, at the age when an English peer of ninety empties his bottle of sherry, scales Mont Blanc, and writes a parliamentary article at five o'clock in the morning. The old Englishman reasons in a manner diametrically opposite to us. In proportion as nature grows avaricious towards him he redoubles his physical care. He jumps out of bed in the coldest January weather to plunge into a cold bath, an heroic immersion which regenerates his muscles. Wherever we travel, even to Timbuctoo or Spitzbergen, we always find a baronet who shaves every morning, though he is only to be seen by an anthropophagian or a white bear. He cannot prevent the fates from spinning the fatal thread, but he makes a Penelope of a destiny.

"An old Englishman is never ridiculous; his dress is not that of a young man, but of a style which makes one thing of Brummel become a patriarch. If he does not aim at pleasing, he tries not to displease, and is exempt from that horror of youth which is one of the pitfalls the French never avoid."

The theory of Monsieur Flourens is not so chimerical as it at first appears. Man is not made to wither away at sixty. Old age in France resembles those short winter days where the lamp scarcely ceases to burn. In England it resembles those long summer days where one needs neither fire nor light. The English preserve the smoothness of their brows while we look like a November cloud, their gift of ubiquity while we remain inactive, their faculty of laughing while we have the infirmity of grumbling.

We ought at least to live our century. One hundred years is a very moderate figure at the present rapid march of civilization, and only millionaires could be contented with it. As to the poor fellows who have to make their own fortunes, they should live two hundred. When can those small merchants visit we will not say Japan, but Italy, when they only retire from business the evening before their death? Some years ago one could learn many things and lead that delightful encyclopedic life which is the dream of aspiring minds. The time is passed when a Leonardo da Vinci could be an architect, geologist, painter, and author. The domain of knowledge is so much extended that, unless we can find seven-leagued boots in which to travel through it, we shall be obliged to limit our wanderings. The present duration of life no longer suffices for mastering the extraordinary repertory of facts and ideas which are as wonderful to us as Gulliver was to the Lilliputians. What can one do in a year of only twelve months, and a day of only twenty-four hours?

All this makes us more ready to hail in Monsieur Flourens a benefactor to the human race, and not to treat with levity a very important system founded on experience. We had no time for anything, he gives us time

for everything. Sustained by him we demand the creation of a *centenariat*, an octogenarian existence not being long enough for our purposes.

PUSHING A BOOK.

THERE is scarce a publisher of experience but has solved the mystery of pushing a book; and the instances are not few where persistent effort and discriminative subsidizing of the press have forced comparatively weak productions to a circulation that the rarest merit could not attain unassisted. Whether there is more harm done than good by thus pushing a sale may be an open question. Walpole complained in his day of the tricks of publishers to enforce a popularity that left the public utterly at a loss to know the absolute worth of the wares they saw so promiscuously puffed and inordinately lauded. With modern appliances and ramifications of the art, it would go hard with us to believe the trade any more immaculate in that respect than they were a century ago, when the omnivorous Sir John Hill turned out his editions so profusely on every subject from alpha to omega, and found booksellers eager to venture under his banner. We may discover in the arts of those times devices we are not pestered with now; but we are not free from evils that they hardly experienced.

That many a good book does not accomplish its work, and might be made to perform it if it were pushed, is most lamentably true; and nine-tenths of the disappointed authors in the land will tell you of a case in point within their personal experience. De Quincey somewhere complains of the very few books that are in reality published—the venders fancying they have undertaken that thing if they duly give the title-page their imprint, and herald it in a journal or two, and send a moderate share of copies to the press. This writer believed that by far the greater number of books failed of making a mark solely for the reason that they were never introduced, and not because they were rejected.

The expense attending the "pushing" operation is doubtless great, and may be calculated with tolerable accuracy from the advertising bills, canvasser's commissions, and the cost of the three hundred copies or more which are gratuitously distributed, and it may be all set down to the charges of the book, regulating the price so as to cover it. The hazard is not so easily calculated, and it becomes a question the wisest venturer may hesitate over whether the sales will be large enough to warrant a small margin in the selling price. It has been the testimony of leading publishers, notably of the Chamberses, that the risks of publishing are hardly equalled in any other business; and that calculation is almost invariably venturesome. It is reasonable, then, to find publishers prone to the safer business of assured sales with writers of established reputation, though they give them a large percentage; and there must be cogent reasons or a decided speculative turn to make them relinquish such a certainty for the chance of a great hit with an unknown author, of whose success they are to have the lion's share. There may be such reasons. An author may become so elated that he will set a high price on a manuscript that he does not vouchsafe a sight of. Fixed stars may fade with diminishing glory; and a shrinkage of sales is not pleasant to contemplate. A bold stroke with a novelty and a new name is the other alternative.

The art of "pushing" a book depends upon more than is always apparent. When Ticknor & Fields began to marshal their array of poets there was little ground for believing they could command more success than their rivals, yet they have proved to be the only house that has been able to make a paying business of poetry, and seemed to have found no limit to their extension in that field. The house of Little, Brown & Co., with every advantage of an honorable record and widely extended reputation, giving character to a work by their imprint as Murray could, began some dozen or fifteen years ago the publication of a series of *The British Poets*, creditably edited, and having expended something, we believe, over sixty thousand dollars on the plates, and extended the collection to over one hundred and thirty volumes, have found that even their position could not effect the profits that such a series deserved, and the whole property, as by a law of gravitation, has fallen into the hands of the only house that could make the sale remunerative.

We have no business, of course, to go into the private details of any house's way of managing; but it has become a characteristic feature of all our trades, and it is not the less true of the publishing interest, that a few prominent establishments engross the business of the country; and competition with them, except in matters of specialty or local interest, is beyond the question for

a newly-established house. The machinery that has secured this pre-eminence, and maintains it, is of no trivial character; and almost necessarily includes a periodical or two, to be the vehicle of advertising directly or indirectly their own publications. Then there is a ramifying extension of agencies and correspondences; the feeding of the press with copies or with advertising, both in and out of the editorial columns. Not the least efficient among these devices is the "scratch and tickle" mutuality between the publisher and his body of authorial vassals, who sound their brother's and their principal's praises in cliquish circles and flower in leaded paragraphs in some convenient journal. Your wise publisher studies Pope's subterfuges more than his patrons on his trig verses, doubtless; and the arts of an *émule* fill his coffers immeasurably. He firmly believes with Dr. Johnson that a writer was never written down but by himself. If he has a sage on his catalogue, he implores him to unburden his mind of something more incomprehensible than anything before, for did not Goethe keep up his reputation to the last by something like this device? He understands all of what Dr. Holmes calls the ground-baiting process, and scatters through the press his little titbits of the forthcoming marvel as the fisherman entices the school of mackerel by his lavishness at the start. If he can get a popular lecturer to extol a young poet, he thinks he can risk his volume, as Fox started Cowper on his career by quoting him in the Commons. He is half inclined to think that Jerrold was right in painting Fame not with a trumpet, but with a handful of dust—dust is such a capital thing to throw in the people's eyes!

An established reputation, which could secure the working off of quite an edition on standing orders, is in some respects a dangerous attribute to possess, if it leads to presumption or indifference to the public want. An occasional mistake will be borne with, but a too frequent recurrence is sure to tell on the "standing order" list. The popular pulse flutters at a slight disturbance, and it must be tenderly as well as seriously watched. No author, however popular, can feel sure of continued acceptance; nor can his publisher without hazard put him down, with each successive venture, good for as large sale as the last. Keane played as well in a barn as where he lorded subsequently on the stage of Garrick; Hawthorne was the same exquisite genius in the obscure pages of an ephemeral magazine as when his volumes commanded wide attention; and yet he very properly feared the ordeal of the popular humor when, after an interval of silence, he came forward with his *Marble Faun*. Holmes would call his occasional reticence good jockeying, appetizing to the public, and securing eagerness when the bugle sounds again. He has been practicing it too, recently, and *Elsie Venner* seems an old book when we are waiting for *The Guardian Angel*.

IS THE EPISCOPATE LOSING GROUND?

WHILE it is equally beyond our province and our intention to dictate to any religious body appropriate action in any emergency, we claim the privilege of criticising the proceedings of such as have a public interest. Of late the Protestant Episcopal Church, which we have always held in proper esteem, has made many bishops—eleven within two years, and twenty during the last seven years have been called to this sacred office. Acknowledging the personal worth of these men and their usefulness as clergymen in their respective spheres, we still think it would be difficult to show in each case their special qualifications for the episcopate, although in some it is sufficiently apparent. What shall account for the course that the Church in question has lately taken in the selection of bishops? Is the episcopate falling into disfavor? Or have we always been in error respecting the qualifications that should distinguish the incumbent of this prominent office? We thought it was the received opinion in the Episcopal Church that the office of bishop was one of the greatest dignity and responsibility, and that it should be occupied only by men of the most eminent abilities and learning. Outside of this Church we know the belief prevails that bishops represent the most conspicuous talents and piety of the body to which they belong. Such has been the character and accomplishments and influence of these men in the past that such a popular impression of their mental and spiritual superiority is natural and logical. Descriptions of the dignity, the wisdom, and the virtues of Bishop White, the friend of Washington, are still fresh in the minds of those familiar with our early history. We remember what our fathers have told us of the saintly Griswold, the ardent, scholarly, uncompromising Hobart, and the undaunted and prophetic Philandre Chase. We shall never forget our personal impressions of the Polish

ed and eloquent Wainwright, the gifted and generous Doane, the erudite, philosophical, catholic-minded Alonzo Potter, and the cultivated and poetic Burgess. Though these devoted prelates have passed away, some, like the noble McIlvaine and the accomplished Coxe and Potter, still remain as ornaments to the Church and exponents of an enlightened and vital Christianity. But how many of those lately called to the office of bishop are of this type, and how many are worthy to wear the mantle of their illustrious predecessors? Is there anything in the state of society or the Church that can render clergymen of ordinary gifts and attainments more suitable for the episcopate than formerly? On the contrary, we think there is greater demand than ever for superior men in this grade of the ministry. A bishop ought to be a pattern of apostolic dignity and piety. His eloquence should be genuine and commanding. His learning ought to be various, profound, and practical. He ought to be intimately acquainted with the human heart, and in deep sympathy with all forms of philanthropy. In brief, in distinguished excellence of character, accomplishments, and personal influence, he ought to be confessedly first of the clergy in his diocese. We wish that in the opinion of the best judges it were so throughout the country at present. With a few exceptions, say four or five, who among the bishops of the Episcopal Church are the equals of F. D. Huntington, S. H. Tyng, the brothers Vinton, Samuel Cooke, Leeds, Littlejohn, J. W. Coit, Washburn, Phillips Brooks, John Cotton Smith, and some others less known to the religious public? We think it is not saying too much to affirm that something more than a commendable piety and zeal for the truth are necessary to commend a man to the high office under consideration. If mere ecclesiastical sympathies of a certain kind, or a negative position on important religious questions, are to be made the special qualifications for the episcopate, then the Episcopal Church may prepare itself for less respect in the future from the public generally and a waning influence in the land.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 24, 1866.

I do not know whether the treatment which Dr. Mary Walker has received at the hands of the well-dressed rowdies who assembled to hear, or rather to hoot at, her the other night will be made the subject of remonstrance from your government, but I have good reason to hope that this little affair will not be allowed to aggravate existing complications. The fact is, that the spirit of the young gentlemen who roared so loud when the fair lecturer mentioned her "pantalettes," and so very much louder when she told how the dying soldier in the hospital wanted to kiss her twice, was not so much national as professional. They were, in short, as our newspapers have already informed you, young medical students, who are, of course, to a man and a boy, profoundly impressed with the belief that the introduction of ladies into their profession would be in the highest degree improper. It is only the old story again of opposition to free competition in the labor market, which, as I have said before, is far more rampant and far more successful in the learned professions than among the poor working-men who are so often treated to a lecture on this subject from upper-class journals. Dr. Mary, however, stood bravely to her table and water bottle, and, after all, the people who were not inclined to give her fair play, though they made a great noise, were but a small minority. Your readers may probably have observed that small minorities do occasionally manage to make a great noise, and are not always oppressed or put down so easily as De Tocqueville and the political philosophers imagine. It is pleasing to be able to add that Dr. Mary is not altogether without consolation. Her disturbers, as the police reports inform us, wound up the evening with a row in the streets and a visit to the station-house, while the object of their howlings went quietly home with such a bag of money as could hardly be abstracted from the circulation without serious inconvenience to the trade of the neighborhood. Happy lecturer! with no band, no chorus, no scene painters to pay; nothing to provide but her fair self, her simple wreath and gloves, and her physiological attire, with its moral but inexpensive "bearings," and an audience of some two thousand in five shilling, three shilling, and one shilling seats. In fact, by the simple process of issuing tickets, Dr. Mary compels her very

persecutors to pay her tribute; and hence I hope that it will not be Dr. Mary who will tire first.

I see that some of John Morrissey's friends in the press point out the fact that "Windham, the intimate friend of Burke," was an admirer of prize-fighting, and regarded it as an exercise "well calculated to bring out the hardy qualities of the lower orders." They should have told you more about this same Windham, "the intimate friend of Burke." That dilettanti statesman did indeed patronize the prize-ring, and took delight in it, as his recently-published diary shows; he even carried his notion of the benefit of fighting as an exercise proper for the lower classes so far that he would not hear of their having any other sort of education. There was, in fact, no more determined advocate in Parliament of the doctrine that schools for the people are altogether unnecessary. This intimate friend of Burke was always ready to spring to his feet with this educational croquet, and to warn the House, just as the Virginia planters used to warn their countrymen, of the folly and danger of allowing the lower classes to learn to read or write. Even John Morrissey's admirers will, I hope, regard these facts as somewhat impairing the authority of Mr. Windham on matters of morality or political philosophy. As to our own prize-fighting member of Parliament, John Gully, he was, I believe, as respectable a man in private life as could well be found among what in his day was called "the fancy." At least the papers all said so, and moreover he died possessed of a large fortune. He was a Liberal, and sat in the first Parliament elected after our Reform Act, in 1832, for the borough of Pontefract (what an apt name for a gentleman so ready to break the bridge of the nose of a fellow-creature). He was a member for five years, when the borough, for all his manly qualities, got ashamed of him, and rejected both him and his colleague, Viscount Pollington, in favor of Mr. Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, and Mr. Massey Stanley, at present our finance minister in India. *The Parliamentary Guide* for 1837 is discreetly silent about Gully's birth and connections. "Has purchased (says that authority, and this fact, be it remembered, covers a multitude of sins in this country) an estate near Pontefract, where from his kind and liberal conduct he is highly respected and very popular; address, 3 Queen's Square, Westminster, and Ackworth Park, Pontefract." Gully died but a few years ago, and at a good old age, but had been long suffering from an internal complaint brought on from a cause which deserves to be remembered to his credit. This story comes from one who knew him intimately. A fire was raging one night in a house in St. Martin's Lane, near Charing Cross. Suddenly a woman appeared at a top-floor window imploring help. The flames were raging in all the floors beneath; no ladders were long enough to reach her, and the case seemed hopeless, when Gully, who happened to be passing, rushed into an adjoining house, got out on to the roof, and scrambled over to the next dwelling. Here, leaning over the parapet wall, he was just enabled to touch the woman's hands, and by a surprising effort of strength to draw her in that position out of the window, and to pitch her, though heavier than himself, on to the roof behind him, whence they escaped together. I could believe any good thing of poor Gully, except that he was a fit and proper person to represent the borough of Pontefract, and to take part in making laws affecting the well-being of his fellow-countrymen.

I told you in my last that the managers of our theaters are becoming more and more rebellious against anything like free criticism upon their plays or performances. We have had lately more than one action against newspapers for speaking out plainly about the demerits of an actor. One performer the other day sued a journal for libel because it had declared that his performance of Siebel in *Faust* and *Marguerite* was that of "a chattering jackanape." The judge, as befitted his dignity, pretended, of course, not to know what a jackanape was; and a ponderous copy of Dr. Johnson's dictionary (our judges have not heard of Webster or Worcester yet) was brought into court, and after much legal discussion it was settled that the critic was justified. One of the latest maneuvers of managers who are also play-writers is to anticipate criticism by criticising their works beforehand, and circulating their flattering judgments among the audience. Mr. Falconer, author of *Extremes* and late lessee of Drury Lane Theater, is, I believe, the originator of this curious custom. He opened his campaign with a new play of his own at Her Majesty's Theater last Monday evening, having previously put forth a criticism of this kind headed as follows:

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Ahem!—The proverb is somewhat musty, and that A nod is as good as a wink to the blind

is just as stale; but as some very good-natured people do exist, who, like mine Ancient in the play, are

NOTHING IF NOT CRITICAL,

it may be as well to give them a bone, in advance of the feast, upon which to sharpen or blunt their teeth; so they are presented with something like a puff.

Humor, you will perceive, is not Falconer's forte, but he is a clever actor and has written successful original plays. Vanity is his ruin. He believes himself missioned to lecture his audiences on every topic under the sun, and no amount of failure seems to make him wiser. "The play," says John Hollingshead, in *The London Review*, "began at eight o'clock, and, without any pauses between the five acts, lasted until one o'clock the next morning. The first act of *Conagh*, or *The Lovers of Lisnamona*, was a good solid piece of conversation about two lovers which lasted one hour and a half, and told the experienced what they might expect later in the evening. Long before the close of the third act half the audience had left and the other half were standing up in various parts of the house ready to go, and amusing themselves by laughing at the unfortunate actors. The more unfortunate critics kept manfully to their posts without sending for relays, except in one or two instances." Mr. Dickens's action for libel against Cave, the manager of the Marylebone Theater, has been alluded to in the papers. It arose out of a criticism in *All the Year Round* upon a piece called *The Black Doctor*, produced at his theater, to which Cave replied in a handbill now suppressed. The passage Mr. Dickens complained of is as follows:

"But, sir, if the managers of minor theaters introduce a class of dramas unpleasant to your feelings, you are the responsible person in the matter, for up to the period of the publication of your works another description of play was accepted by minor audiences. Your novels produced a new era not only in literature, but in the drama. In your sensational works, going for deep romance into the thieves' kitchen, the back slums, and the hotbeds of crime and pestilence, you introduced those powerfully vivid pictures of Bohemian life in London which have left their impress in unmistakable relief on modern society. To your pages the young thief may refer with advantage, if he is deficient in the requisite knowledge of his art to hunt a fogle, fake a cly, or crack a crib. Much as it may show my want of refined taste, I confess I am a greater admirer of that class of piece to which *The Black Doctor* belongs than of *Oliver Twist*, your cherished offspring, which had long ceased to attract ere the lord chamberlain condemned it as a drama to lasting and deserved oblivion."

The article in *All the Year Round*, by the way, which has provoked this explosion of managerial ire was not written by Mr. Dickens, but by Mr. Andrew Halliday.

Miss Braddon has issued a large card to half the editors, critics, and publishers of London, of which the following is a copy:

"Miss Braddon, as conductor of *Belgravia*, begs to be favored with the company of [Mr. James Hogg or Miss Annie Thomas, as the case may be] at a dinner to be given at the Langham Hotel on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, 1866, at 8 o'clock. R. S. V. P."

The Langham Hotel is one of our new gigantic joint stock hotels, which alone are capable of holding the expected multitude of diners.

This reminds me of a personal matter. Your readers, I hope, if they do me the honor to read your London correspondence, will bear in mind that any correspondent may contradict a statement of mine in your columns with a certainty of four or five weeks' run before I can possibly contradict him again. I see in *THE ROUND TABLE* of the 10th inst. that Mr. John Hogg, of the firm of James Hogg & Sons, London, and an "Ex-Member of the Social Science Association," have both favored you with "corrections" of my alleged "misstatements." As to Mr. Hogg, I have only to say that I made no statement at all; but only mentioned what was, as I said, the "Maxwell version" of the quarrel about the title of *Belgravia*. Whether I adopted that version in its entirety, I leave any one to judge who can turn to a file and read my letter. Jokes are evidently thrown away upon Mr. John Hogg; which may be the fault of the jokes, or of that tendency to take everything literally which Charles Lamb mentions among the characteristics of Scotchmen. I did, indeed, speak of Mr. Maxwell "as an easy, good-natured fellow, with no fault in the world but a certain childlike simplicity of character, which renders him hardly fitted for the rude struggles of our publishing world;" but I do not know him personally, and it may be that Mr. John Hogg is quite right in describing him as being "by no means the simple, inexperienced man of business mentioned in your paper."

The correspondent who describes himself as an ex-member of the general and two section committees of our Social Science Association takes exception to my complaints against that body; but he, too, misquotes me. I did not say that "first-rate men are seldom seen on their

platforms," but that "first-rate men in this field are seldom found," etc. The names he mentions stand high as those of party statesmen, *littérateurs*, and philanthropists, but none of them except Mr. Mill have any reputation as political philosophers. Such men as Lord Stanley and Sir John Pakington may be good parliamentary tacticians, but nobody here regards them as worshippers of abstract truth. Lord Brougham had once his admirers among our philosophical radicals; but alas! *quantum mutatus ab illo*. Mr. Mill's name, however, would, I confess, make up for all shortcomings. I have said that he "never appeared at one of their annual gatherings," and I believe that I am right. I have certainly no recollection of his appearance at the Birmingham meeting to which your correspondent refers. That his name appears among the members of one of the sectional committees in the first year of the society's career I admit, but I doubt his taking any "active part." His name is not to be found in the next year's committee lists, from which I infer that he withdrew after the first meeting. Any way, I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Mill never contributed one line to the cartloads of papers which the society has inflicted on the world. Your correspondent gives the society credit for five acts of Parliament resulting from their agitation; but the topics of the Social Science Association have been the common property of all writers and thinkers on the subject. Bentham, it must be remarked, lived and died before anybody had heard of a Social Science Association. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ALDRICH AND SWINBURNE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I am sorry to trespass again upon your space, and have no apology for it except the wish to expose the special pleading of *The Boston Advertiser*, which in a late number devotes half a column to exhorting THE ROUND TABLE to retract in the pending issue between Swinburne and the author of *Babie Bell* and *Miantovona*, assigning no particular reason therefor. It will be noticed that *The Advertiser* makes no attempt to rebut the leaning of the facts put forth in the brief note calling attention to its obvious ignorance of the dates of the two poems (*Madonna Mia* and *Miantovona*), and as the case stands three things have been demonstrated in the course of the controversy:

1. That there is a sufficient resemblance between the poems to constitute just ground for accusing somebody of theft.
2. That the *Madonna Mia* arrived in this country nearly four months before *Miantovona* appeared in *The Atlantic*, the latter poem having been, so implies the defense, in the hands of the printer for four months before its publication.
3. That the author of *Miantovona* might have had access to Swinburne's poem as early as the middle of June, and, therefore, might have had the opportunity of stealing it, if he had so willed.

Now, without rebutting testimony, these points constitute a very clear case. No more conclusive points could be made, unless somebody could be induced to aver positively that he saw somebody else purloin a poem. And yet—giving no reasons therefor, admitting all the points, and making no attempt to dispute the facts—*The Advertiser* calls for a retraction upon the bare dictum of that mythical personage, the editor of *The Atlantic*, to the effect that *Miantovona* was in the printer's hands before any copy of Swinburne's poem came into the possession of any person connected with the firm of Ticknor & Fields. It will be seen that *The Advertiser* backs down so far as the assertion that the poem was in hand before any copy of *Madonna Mia* "arrived in this country" is concerned, and very guardedly limits the points in its last article to the testimony of the editor of *The Atlantic*, who was, most likely, the authority for the former assertion.

As a gentleman I am bound to believe the editor of *The Atlantic*—although I doubt whether the editor has any means of ascertaining positively that no copy of Swinburne's poem had been seen by any person connected with the house of Ticknor & Fields previous to the sending of *Miantovona* to the printer. I am bound to believe him, however, and shall make an effort to act as I am in duty bound—*malgré* all the exceeding difficulties of so believing. I may be permitted to suggest, nevertheless, that there is but one way of proving to the public that the allegation of plagiarism tangent to the *Miantovona* is unjust, and that is by exhibiting the actual dates. The public are hard-hearted and apt to jump at conclusions, especially when the circumstantial evidence is very strong; and, if the editor of *The Atlantic*

would settle the question beyond a *quemadmodum*, let him exhibit in comparison the date when *Miantovona* went to the printer and when Swinburne's poem was received by Ticknor & Fields. Otherwise it will be necessary to interpret the last article in *The Advertiser*—barren of fact as it was—as a skillful example of pen-fencing to cover a retreat. A gentleman of nimble fingers purloins your pocket-book, and, when you accuse him of it, retorts, "You are very flippant and absurd, sir;" and of this sort of retort seems to me to be the late article in *The Advertiser*. It is needless to say that, by the terms of its last article, that journal has exposed (by implication) the fact that its first paragraph in defense of Mr. A. was written at the instigation and upon authority of the editor of *The Atlantic*—a fact which somewhat impugns the professed disinterestedness of the paragraph in question. F. G. F.

New York, November 7, 1866.

[The circumstances are rather peculiar, but we feel constrained to say that, in our judgment, Mr. Aldrich is relieved from the imputation of plagiarism in the matter; and, this being the case, that we regret such a suggestion should have been made in our columns, however accident gave it plausibility or however honest our correspondent's intention. We must add that *The Advertiser's* observations are needlessly disrespectful and assuredly more obnoxious to the charge of "flippancy"—a silly word to use at all in such a connection—than was anything in the article on which it animadverted.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

A LIMITATION OF THE SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: An article recently appeared in your paper relative to the question of suffrage which has induced me to submit to you some views that I have long entertained upon that subject.

It is a self-evident fact that the laws regulating suffrage absolutely need considerable modification. This has long been apparent to many thinking men of the country, but, unfortunately, no statesman of sufficient courage has come forward as the champion of this much-needed reform. That such a champion has not been found is not at all surprising when we take into consideration that all popular politicians pander more or less to popular prejudices, and any step in the direction of the curtailment of this pet privilege of Americans would be the political death-knell of its supporters, as well as of all persons and periodicals who would advocate such a measure. Even the most strenuous defenders of law and order would feel that they rendered God and their country a service in discountenancing any innovation upon this "blood-bought privilege."

On account of the degree of independence you have heretofore exhibited in dealing with established prejudices, fashionable fallacies, and tinselled greatness, I feel encouraged to think that you will publish any communication involving in its purport anything tending to the general welfare of the country.

The framers of our Constitution legislated well and wisely for the country as it existed in their day and for all apparent future exigencies. Then the whole attention of the statesmen was devoted to the interests of their respective states.

A file of New Jersey newspapers for the years 1770 to 1783 now before me contains advertisements for the sale and apprehension of slaves, of which the following notice, taken from *The New Jersey Journal*, the official paper of the state, of June 4, 1783, is an example:

"To be sold, a likely young negroe wench, not more than nineteen years of age; also, a very elegant full-bellied sulkey, with harness complete, at a low rate.—Inquire of Henry Ten Brook, in Newark. June 3d, 1783."

Then the annual emigration to this country was less than four thousand, composed chiefly of intelligent political refugees; while now the pet sentences of our Declaration of Independence, the model document of its age, have long been shown to contain within themselves evidence of their own fallacy.

That men are endowed with certain "inalienable rights," etc., no one will deny; but that they are not so endowed with the right to cast a vote involving the interests of a great nation without possessing the intelligence requisite to determine the probable effect of that vote, none will controvert. And that the majority of those exercising the right of franchise in this country do not possess the requisite amount of intelligence has been fully demonstrated at any of our city elections during the past ten years.

Although it would be utopian at this day to urge a curtailment of the right of the elective franchise as now

possessed by our citizens, still, as there are annually about 300,000 foreigners coming to our shores, and as we have in our midst over 2,000,000 negro adults into whose hands fanatical politicians appear determined to thrust the ballot, it is a matter of vital importance to the future welfare of our country that we at once take some decided action that will lead to such legislation as would arrest this degradation of the ballot, and tend to its ultimate purification.

None can question our right to attach a condition precedent to the manner in which the right of suffrage shall in future be exercised by those who do not now possess it. Notwithstanding the old theory that "wealth is the country, and that wealth should make the laws because wealth is to be protected by the laws," it would to-day be as ridiculous to make property qualify the right of suffrage as it would be absurd to make feet and inches a moral standard. A great deal of wisdom has been unnecessarily expended upon what should be the requisite for the exercise of the right of suffrage. A half-hour's observation at any of our city elections will show that the roughs, rowdies, and bullies are really the controlling powers on the ground who there marshal their array of those who sell their votes for the highest price, and of those who are compelled through fear to vote as directed; in short, that the rabble who control our elections are by far the most ignorant part of the crowd there assembled. This fact at once suggests the true remedy. If education possesses one-half of the redeeming and elevating qualities claimed for it, it is the desired remedy. Give us an educational condition precedent, and in twenty years all our voters will be reasonable, thinking men, having opinions of their own, and the courage to vote for them. The manner of bringing about the change is simple, the requisite most difficult to obtain being a few honest, fearless statesmen who will introduce and carry through their respective legislatures the required measures, and who will in their turn be supported by half at least of our present voters and thousands of our best citizens who have for years been unwilling to crowd through the political scum which surrounded our polls. Let the law direct that in every voting precinct there shall be a board of officers, holding their offices during good behaviour, whose duty it shall be to test the qualifications of all applicants for the right of franchise in the ordinary branches of a common English education and grant proper certificates to all who shall pass the examination, the presentation of which certificate at the polls shall be a prerequisite to the polling of a vote. This would not only give us a much purer ballot—a more highly prized because more difficultly acquired right—but would offer a prize, a premium, one for which nations have labored and fought for centuries, as the reward of and stimulus to education, equally operative in favor of the black and white, the foreigner and native born; also removing from our political horizon that ominous cloud of negro suffrage now lowering there. Hence our government would become more firmly consolidated, being based upon the action of intelligent minds, and, as a fruitful result of such action, faction, the bane of all republics, would in a great measure be obviated. It is to be hoped that the leaders of the reform party in England will study well the effect of our system of universal suffrage in this country before they throw open to the masses an unrestricted ballot—a position once conceded very hard to recede from. Such a concession would be the creation of a monster over which they would soon lose their control, and, like that of Mr. Shelley's Frankenstein, it would become the destroyer of its creators. They have before them an opportunity unparalleled in history of educating a people, of leading them from ignorance to intelligence, from mere existences to controlling powers; and this would probably be done within the period of one generation, but it would have to be done by a series of well-considered steps and not by one grand stride, for which the English people are now unprepared. Then they will enjoy with safety the liberties of which they so envy us the possession.

The wealthy and intelligent of either country would not in any degree suffer by the proposed change; for an intelligent peasantry would be much more likely to concede to them all their rights than would an excited rabble, which the English peasantry are too likely to become under the too radical reform of Mr. Bright.

Respectfully,

F. S.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 28, 1866.

[The evils of our present system are great, but the obstacles to unpopular reform are perhaps insurmountable. We shall probably go on until we reach what has never yet been reached, *i. e.*, real "universal suffrage," before any steps whatever are taken in an opposite direction.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

A NEW AMERICAN POET.*

THIS attractive little volume introduces to the public a new aspirant for the name of poet. The author has not hid his personality, and the interested reader may learn, as we have learned, that Mr. Weeks is a young man, a recent graduate of Yale College and the Columbia Law School, and a resident of this city. His poems contain internal evidence of what we understand to be the fact, that he has devoted himself to a life of thought and letters. The spirit of the book is obvious enough. It is apparent on every page that the author considers poetry not a pastime, but the highest and purest form of mental activity—the bright flower of human thought and speech. With this ideal before him he has written in the evident though modest hope that he may be counted a poet. Anything less will come short of his aim. If the reader shall hear in these poems only the song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument, if they are taken at the low value of mere verse, the book will be a failure. It is, therefore, not in the exercise of a harsh criticism, but in justice to the manifest spirit of the author, that we test what he has written by the highest standards.

We are struck on opening this volume by the absence of the characteristic faults of youth. There is none of the extravagance and disproportion which generally mark early efforts. The thought has the simplicity and depth of truth itself, and the expression is never overdone nor obscure. Indeed, the defects of style lie in the other direction, and an occasional prosaic word or phrase shows us that Mr. Weeks has not yet full command of the instruments of his art. Practice and study of the great models will make his manner entirely worthy of his matter, which is truly and often deeply poetic. Imitation there is none; though the influence of Wordsworth and Browning is visible in the cast and meter of some poems. From pale reflection of Tennyson, that crying sin, the book is absolutely free. Of course Mr. Weeks is familiar with the laureate's works, but we find little evidence of it in these poems. This speaks much for his independence and individuality, and we confess to seeing in it a sign of his depth and earnestness of feeling. In view of these positive and negative excellences we strongly suspect that these poems are not, after all, the first fruits of the author's mind, and that this volume has sprung from the ashes of much experimental verse.

The book is divided into two parts, with a reference to the subjects of the poems, the first part, of about forty pages, containing descriptions of nature, and the second and larger part being occupied with human life and passion. The two following specimens, selected out of many poems equally worthy of quotation, show a deep and true feeling for nature in her different aspects:

"With half-closed eyes, within the swaying boat,
I dream upon the beauty of the day:
The world with all its noise is far away;
I only hear the cricket's endless note,
That mares not silence, seeming but to be
Its echo; and the never-ceasing beat
Of sleepy ripples tossing dreamily;
Upon the boughs that shade me from the heat,
The birds sit fearlessly within my sight;
Close to me nods a golden butterfly;
Unstartled are the shining fish below;
Surely, if I can read this day aright,
'Tis better to lie thus unfeared, than row
With sounding oars that scatter and affright."

A RAINY DAY.

A wind that shrieks to the window pane,
A wind in the chimney moaning,
A wind that tramples the ripened grain,
And sets the trees a-groaning;
A wind that is dizzy with whirling play,
A dozen winds that have lost their way
In spite of the others' calling.
A thump of apples on the ground,
A flutter and flurry and whirling round
Of leaves too soon a-dying:
A tossing and streaming like hair unbound
Of the willow boughs a-flying;
A lonely road and a gloomy lane,
An empty lake that is blistered with rain,
And a heavy sky that is falling.

Nature is to Mr. Weeks, as to every truly cultivated mind since the time of Wordsworth, not beautiful in and for herself alone, but also and perhaps chiefly as the mysterious symbol and interpreter of invisible things. We quote the charming piece entitled *Moonlight* as an example of his perception of this truth, and of what may be called his suggestive method:

* Poems. By Robert K. Weeks. 16mo, pp. 140. New York: Leopoldt & Holt. 1896.

"Nay, wait me here—I'll not be long;
'Tis but a little way;
I'll come ere you have sung the song
I made you yesterday."

"'Tis but to cross your streak of light—
And fresh the breezes blow;
You will not lose me from your sight—
One kiss, and now I go."

"So, in the pleasant night of June,
He lightly sails away,
To where the glimmer of the moon
Lies right across the bay."

"And she sits singing on the shore
A song of pure delight;
The boat flies on—a little more,
And he will cross the light."

"The boat flies on, the song is done,
The light before him gleams;
A little more, and it is won
'Tis farther than it seems."

"The boat flies on, the boat flies fast;
The wind blows strong and free;
The boat flies on, the bay is past,
He sails into the sea."

"And on, and on, and ever on,
The light lies just before;
But ah! for evermore is done
The song upon the shore!"

This seems to us almost perfect. It has the nameless charm of true art, and lingers in the memory like a sweet strain of music. The inner meaning is left to the reader's intelligence. To us the poem tells how man will chase a phantom and lose a substantial joy, though its position in the book shows that the author forgives something to the spirit of endeavor.

One word of adverse criticism and caution. Let Mr. Weeks guard against what Ruskin has called the "pathetic fallacy." A lively fancy, working upon the visible creation, is apt to betray one into this fault, which may be defined as attributing to natural objects what exists only in our own unquiet minds, to the disenchantment of the deep, healthful charm which nature wears even in her wildest and most somber moods. *Moonrise* and *The Lost Moon* seem to us very pure and, we may add, very beautiful examples of the fallacy. *Pursuing* is near the line, but on the right side of it.

The second part of the book contains its real substance and the key to the author's mind. It is not difficult to gather the meaning, for the poems have a remarkable unity and natural sequence, and the leading idea is presented so often that it cannot be missed. The burden of the song is the expression of aspiration and earnest striving towards an unattainable ideal, a passionate sense that our life on earth is a pursuit and not a possession, and a noble dissatisfaction with man's delusive contentment with the fashion that passeth away. These thoughts are presented in their application to almost every phase of human experience. In the fine sonnet, *A Freeman*, we have, under the figure of a climbing cragsman, the author's conception of a genuine life whose result justifies its apparent isolation and independence of social forms. *At Sea*, a poem full of imagination and fervor, pictures the modern thinker on his dim and perilous quest for truth. In *The Mocking Bird* poetry is thought of as the handmaid of mental progress and the necessary and only adequate utterance of the soul's strivings. Most of the second part is taken up with the subject of love, and here, too, the prevailing thought is the same. The key-note is struck in *Pursuing*, which we quote, though it suffers by being severed from its connection:

"I am the moon, you are the sun,
O my beloved!
Too far removed
Ever by me to be won.
The sea is mine, if I stoop from above,
And the stars grow pale for the want of my love,
But I leave the stars and the longing sea,
For the fuller love that afar I see,
Ever so far removed from me.
Still I pursue, will I pursue,
Looking to you,
Over the wide, wide space
That keeps us apart,
Light on my face,
Love in my heart!"

The author's ideal woman is not so much man's companion as his guide. *A Woman's Failure* is a lover's rebuke to one who has left her bright station above him to share with him a premature and imperfect happiness. *A Woman's Work, From Below*, and other poems, convey the same general thought. In *The Life of Love* a man is lifted to a higher state of being by the loss, through death, of his chief joy. Indeed, this truth is dwelt upon somewhat too exclusively, and it is even suggested that

"Love may be . . .
Complete without possessing;"

from which sentiment we beg to express our respectful

dissent. We begin at last to look for the other side of the shield, and find it in *Lost and Won*, where, in the fullness of time, the lover acquires a "seisin in fact."

We have tried only to indicate the main features and evident aim of this book. The critic can do little more. Poetry must be read; it cannot be described or analyzed. We have passed over much that is striking and beautiful, much that may fairly claim the affectionate study of every person of taste and culture. It will be the reader's loss if he fails to follow up our introduction.

We quote, in closing, the sonnet in which the author sets his seal upon his work:

EPILOGUE.

AD MUSAM.

Look at me, dear, from where thou art, who knows?
Look at me, lifting empty arms on high,
And mocked at by the unwaiting wind, that blows
Its scornful breath upon me, and goes by
With a low laugh at him who waits so long;
And still waits hoping, though an awful throng
Of barren days and nights is gathering round
Him lonely, who with impotent dismay
Sees his life wasting swifter day by day,
For want of thee, long sought, but never found.
Long sought! but not sought rightly, or else I
Had found thee long ago—there is the pain!
And yet I love thee, and, though search be vain,
Let me still seek thee, and still seeking die!

To such a spirit much is possible. Such pursuit, and such only, leads to the best possession. Let not the author falter. He is not the first poet who has bewailed his late spring. His genius has the promise of growth, and, to use one of his own lines, will not be "denied the harvest of the planted past." But we will not speak in the future tense. He has already produced a work which deserves, and we believe will receive, at the hands of those whose appreciation is the student's great reward the recognition and homage due to the vital spirit of poetry.

TREASURES FROM MILTON'S PROSE.*

THE chief feeling with which the reader will lay down this book will be, we are sure, a feeling of wonder that no one before this had ever given it to us, that the jewels that spangle so thickly Milton's prose writings had never before been gathered together. It is the strange misfortune of authors, as sometimes of bees, that an abundant collection of honeyed sweets serves only to drown the gatherer. "A good book," as Milton says, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;" and, "as well kill a man as kill a good book." If it were only at their birth that good books were in peril of life, their lot would be a fortunate one. But, alas! the pious process of embalming is often as fatal as the censor's malice, in such bulky vestments are they muffled and swaddled till they are bereft of all power of action, and soon get packed away in some remote niche as only lifeless curiosities. To relieve a noble author in such plight of the superabundance which deters most readers from making his acquaintance, and to put his best thoughts into their hands in compact and convenient shape, is, as it were, to strip off the grave-clothes from a mummy and lead out to us thence a breathing soul. Such is the service Mr. Hurd has done for us in gathering from the half-dozen octavo volumes of Milton's complete prose works this neat duodecimo of four hundred and odd pages. The collection seems to be made with excellent judgment, embracing almost all Milton's most striking and valuable passages. The reader will very likely feel regret at the absence in many places of connecting links between the passages. In most of these places we think some connecting link or hint at the relation of the passage to the line of thought might have been given, and would have added to the interest and value of the extract.

This, however, is only a slight fault, and the collection will, we trust, make Milton's prose writings read as well as talked of, and will give them a new lease of popularity and influence. They are thoroughly deserving of it. There is no prose writer in the English language that, in the combination of purity and vigor, affluence and sublimity of style, is the equal of Milton. A rich and puissant nature there begets itself with the majesty of a rich and puissant expression. Even in the cool element of prose his poet nature cannot lay off "its native garland and singing robes," but, as he says of the effluences of sanctity and love in the glorified saints, orbs itself into a thousand vagrancies of glory and delight, and with a kind of eccentric equation is, as it were, an invariable planet of joy and felicity. There is an ample and lofty music resonant with reverberations of indefinite allusion in his collocation of ordinary words that fills the ear and makes the sentences echo in the memory like the notes

* *Treasures from Milton's Prose*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1896.

of an enchanted song; and the reader will find passages which rise to heights of lyric ecstasy and to a grandeur of noble beauty which are only matched, and not surpassed, in Milton's poetic flights. And when we have said this, we have, in fact, given his prose style the praise of rarer merit than his poetic style; for, as Matthew Arnold has noted, our English language supplies to the writer of poetry in it a more favorable medium of expression than to the writer of prose.

In spite of the witticisms launched against long sentences as fit only for antediluvians, the reader of Milton's Hooker, and the other old English prose writers finds in their long sentences a sweeping strength and vigor, a flowing grace, a varied harmony, beside which our modern sentences seem monotonously jerky and vehemently weak. To the student of English who would redeem his style from this modern defect, or who would enrich the desiccated vocabulary which the eighteenth century purists left us, without resorting to modern slang, we would especially commend the study of Milton's prose. The style and structure of Shakespeare's works has often been compared to that of a Gothic cathedral. The comparison is an apt one with respect to the combination of heterogeneous elements and irregular details into a harmonious whole. But Shakespeare is too cheerful. Grandeur, massiveness, and sublimity are not enough the prevailing qualities of his style. He has too many and too much of other qualities for the comparison to be more than partially appropriate. But the qualities of Milton's style—the rich decorations of allusion, the fancied traceries of imagery, the carved quaintnesses of diction, its gravity, its dignity, its height of aspiring thought, the lofty glory of its eloquence, its wealth of indefinite suggestion, its hintings of infinity—can be represented by no symbol so adequately as by that of a grand medieval cathedral.

But were style, however excellent, the only merit of Milton's prose writings we should not care very much to recommend them to our readers. If the amber balsam only a fly, it matters not so much how fair and fragrant it may be. The contents should be at least equal in preciousness to the envelope. In this Milton will not be found lacking. Milton had a most aspiring and courageous spirit that thirsted for the truth, sought the principles that lay at the bottom of every question, and carried them unhesitatingly to the farthest logical conclusion he could reach. He had, too, what does not always by any means accompany this spirit, a penetrating and comprehensive intellect that apprehended fundamental principles and could luminously and broadly unfold them. These qualities jeweled thickly with beamy points whatever he wrote, whether on religious, social, or political subjects, and sustain the interest of the reader through the discussion of issues long ago dead and buried. As Cromwell was the will and heart of the Puritan cause, so was Milton its brain, and the intellectual championship of that cause was no ordinary championship. It was to be that most difficult of things, an intellectual pioneer. It was to strike out from the worn footpaths of custom and explore the wilds of liberty and first principles; and with such boldness and clear sight did he push out as to put himself far ahead of his time, and in some fields to leave his mark in posts of such advancement that the leaders of this century's thought are but now coming up with him.

How incisive and pregnant, for example, are these sayings:

"Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has one jewel left; ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness."—Page 114.

"For truth is but justice in our knowledge, and justice is but truth in our practice."—Page 250.

"To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneal and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology, as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church."—Page 123.

"Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a regular progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition."—Page 119.

"A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."—Page 110.

The truths which the following passages contain the world has not yet half learned:

"They are not skillful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin."—Page 114.

"He who wisely would restrain the reasonable soul of man within due bounds, must first himself know perfectly how far the territory and dominion extend of just and honest liberty. As little must he offer to bind that which God has loosed as to loosen that which he has bound."—Page 135.

"What greater weakening, what more subtle stratagem against our Christian warfare, when besides the gross body of real transgressions to encounter, we shall be terrified by a vain and shadowy menacing of faults that are not? When things indifferent shall be set to confront us under the banners of sin, what wonder if we be routed?"—Page 136.

Again, what teaching for the present in these words:

"Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding, which God hath stirred up. . . . What some lament of, we should rather rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, some grain of charity, might win all these diligences to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth."—Page 125.

"Let us not dally with God when he offers us a full blessing, to take as much of it as we think will serve our ends and turn him back with the rest upon his hands, lest in his anger he snatch all from us again."—Page 18.

"We must not run, they say, into sudden extremes. This is a fallacious rule, unless understood only of the actions of virtue about things indifferent; for if it be found that those two extremes be vice and virtue, falsehood and truth, the greater extremity of virtue and superlative truth we run into, the more virtuous and the more wise we become; and he that, flying from degenerate and traditional corruption, fears to shoot himself too far into the meeting embrace of a divinely warranted reformation, had better not have run at all."—Page 18.

In *The Tractate upon Education* the school committees and teachers of the present day will find some still very useful hints. *The Areopagitica* still deserves, no less than in Macaulay's youthful days, to be worn by every statesman as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes.

In the weighty and serious words of warning which Milton, in *The Second Defense*, addresses to the people of England after their military success in their great struggle for freedom, there is wise advice, valuable and pertinent to the present of our own nation.

Milton's views of marriage and divorce will probably for several generations still be in advance of all but a few.

To the admirer of *Comus* and *Paradise Lost* this volume will have an additional interest from its portrayal of Milton's character and personal history. In *The Second Defense of the People of England* will be found, drawn by his own hand, a sketch of the chief events of his life, and in *The Reason of Church Government* and *The Apology for Smectymnus* an account of its motives and conduct. A tender interest attaches especially to his letter to Leonard Philaras and to a part of *The Second Defense*, in the vivid account which he gives, in the first, of the manner of his losing his eye-sight, and of the curious phenomena that attended it, and in his noble reply, in the latter, to the coarse attack that ridiculed him for his blindness:

"It is not so wretched to be blind as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. . . . There is, as the apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me, then, be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped the light of the divine presence more clearly shines, then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O that I may thus be perfected by feebleness and irradiated by obscurity!"

There are not many things in literature nearer the height of the moral sublime. No one can read the autographs of Milton's inner and outer life which his prose writings contain without a thorough sense of the singular purity and nobleness of his character. What he himself finely said, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition or pattern of the best and noblest things—he himself admirably realized. *Paradise Lost* is no truer poem than its author's life. It is only those who "judge all nature from her feet of clay," who would "pare the mountain to the plain to leave an equal baseness," that will make him out proud and vain because of his honest and due esteem of himself. Such "just honoring of ourselves" is, in his own words, "the radical moisture and fountain head whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth."

Macaulay in his noted *Essay upon Milton* tried to make out, in his brilliantly plausible way, that Milton was born too late, that his genius was hampered by the advanced culture of his age. Macaulay afterwards, to be sure, repudiated the too showy style of that maiden effort, but he maintained unchanged the views there set forth. The idea that Milton was at all hampered by the advanced culture of his age we have always regarded as a great mistake. The credence which it has gained is due to the ingenious argument which has been built upon

one of those half-truths which are the worst kind of errors. Whether or not as a poet Milton's lot fell in too late an age, it is not important for our present purpose to argue; but as a thinker his lot, so far from falling in too late an age, fell in too early, too little cultivated and advanced an age. He had to stand throughout his life alone—proscribed by Royalists and Presbyterians, because of his fearless attacks upon their oppressions and excesses; separated almost as much from the Puritans, on whose side he fought, of whose cause he was the valiant champion and able support, by his independence, his elegant and refined tastes, his practical good sense, his clemency, his broad liberality and tolerance, his height of aim, and the advancement of view to which he had attained. But these qualities are the very ones to put him in agreement with the thought and culture of our day. Milton ought to find in the nineteenth century an appreciative and sympathizing audience. In these qualities of Milton and in this accord with the breadth and finer spirit of our age is an additional and especial reason why we welcome at the present time this convenient collection of his works that may, and will, we trust, restore him again to a living popularity and influence. Certainly, to those who will take and eat, it will be, to use once more Milton's resounding words, sweet in the mouth, and, as it were, an eye-brightening electuary of knowledge and foresight.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Skirmishing. By the author of Who Breaks—Pays. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1866.—A simple and touching story, delicately conceived, and breathing throughout a spirit of kindness and Christian charity, and a sympathetic love and appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature and elevating in thought. The characters are for the most part mere sketches, but marked by such distinct individuality as seemingly to render elaboration unnecessary. The scene is laid in the pleasant little village of Eden, far from any high-road, and equally removed from the disturbing noise and bustle of any railway station. Among its peaceful inhabitants the highest position is held by the family of Mr. Greatorex, the excellent but unremarkable rector, and his pretty little wife, with her Tory prejudices, strict observance of social etiquette, and reverence for old systems, which form so strong a bond of sympathy between her and her intended son-in-law, Walter Escott, the model High Church curate, the self-sacrificing, charitable, ascetic adherent of conservatism. Escott, engaged to Maud Greatorex, is only waiting for preferment to some living which may justify him in marrying her. A direct contrast to her daughter in all matter of opinion is old Madame Lescririère, the daughter of a French emigrant of '92. "She was an oppositionist by nature, and education had made her an abhorrer of all arbitrary social distinctions—all despotic authority of whatever species." The nearest house of any importance or pretension to gentility to the rectory was "The Hatch," which had been empty for years when, shortly before the commencement of the story, the quiet village of Eden was startled by the news that The Hatch was let to a Mrs. Brown, a lady with one son, who had taken the house for a year. Great was the rejoicing at the rectory at the prospect of having some pleasant neighbors, and innumerable were the conjectures as to who or what Mrs. Brown could be. The first Sunday after her arrival church was full. "The choir—tenor, counter, and bass—managed miraculously to have shaved in time, and were in their seats in the chancel." But no Mrs. Brown came; and as several Sundays ensued, and still The Hatch pew was vacant, Mrs. Greatorex hesitated about calling. Long and frequent were the discussions at the rectory on the propriety of visiting a lady who lived in a large house with only her son and one old German servant. Grandmamma was an advocate for calling. Escott opposed it for the following reasons:

"Indifference to small neglects of duty leads to very serious errors; and voluntarily to choose for one's acquaintance those of whose habits we do not approve is a willing exposure of ourselves to temptation. Besides, what an example to the parish to see the rector and his family calling on people who fly in the face of our admonitions as to the necessity of coming to church."

"How can you tell that it may not be the means of bringing Mrs. Brown and her young Pickle into the right way? People in health don't require the doctor's care, do they?" asked Mrs. Lescririère; "and as for temptation, my dear sir, if you don't go to it it comes to you; perch yourself on the top of the Vendôme column or hide in the caves of Edom, temptation will find you out. You must go out of this world to avoid it, if you do even then, my dear friend."

The old lady was a sore trial to Escott, but her tenacity prevailed, and the call was made by the rector, his wife, and family, with, however, the exception of Maud, who remained at home in deference to Escott's opinion. The ladies were mutually pleased with each other. Mrs. Greatorex was a pretty brunette.

"Mrs. Brown, tall, large, calm, rather indolent looking, beautiful to a degree that startled her visitors—great beauty is a rare sight. As one freemason discovers a brother by signs unknown to the uninitiated, so does one woman instantly perceive when another belongs by right to the same class as herself. Mrs. Greatorex at once understood that Mrs. Brown was her equal, and, further, she felt satisfied as immediately of her respectability."

A great intimacy sprang up between the families, and Mrs. Brown went regularly to church, from which she had only absented herself with the hope of thereby avoiding visitors. Everything goes on very pleasantly until one day Mr. Greatorex receives a visit from a London lawyer, who has traced Mrs. Brown to Eden, and who wants her to appear as a witness to identify one Mr. Ed

ward Bouverie, who is under a charge of bigamy. Great was the commotion at the rectory, and sincere was the pity expressed for Mrs. Brown, who escapes the immediate danger by going abroad, and on her return confides to her friends the melancholy history of her life. The greatest interest centers in her child, whose sad and touching story awakens a feeling of deep sympathy akin to that which one experiences for Goethe's Mignon. The same refinement of taste so conspicuous in *Who Breaks—Pays* prevails throughout the present volume, without, however, the power and depth of passion which characterized the former work, which, although the order of publication has here been inverted, it is easy to see comes from a hand which has had valuable practice since it wrote *Skirmishing*.

Rough Diamonds: A Story Book. By John Hollingshead. London: George Routledge & Sons.—Some of these so-called "rough diamonds" have a polish and emit a sparkle that would be in accord with the brilliant setting of the stage. The first tale, *The Old House*, is interesting but not remarkable in any way. In the second, *An Absurd Story*, the character of Mr. Bowpot is so irresistibly suggestive of Mr. Buckstone that we seem to hear his inimitable voice, with its faint, terror-stricken, bewildered intonation, betraying the dismay and confusion within. Mr. Joseph Bowpot is the only son of a careful mother, who watches over him so assiduously that at the ripe age of forty he is helpless as an infant. At that mature time of life, however, he is allowed to fall in love, and finally becomes engaged to be married. With a newly-awakened sense of his deficiencies, he makes frantic efforts toward acquiring some of those lighter accomplishments which render a man agreeable in general society. He buys a *Comic Warbler*, a *Ball-Room Guide*, and *Miss Acton's Cookery Book*, containing the whole art of carving. As his mother and himself have been invited to spend Christmas in the country with the family of his beloved, he labors assiduously to master the difficulties of the several manuals he has purchased, and when they start carries with him a mind overburdened with the words of comic songs, the figures of quadrilles, and the diagrams of the *Art of Carving*. During a rather long journey, his mother falls asleep and he leaves the carriage to obtain refreshment. The train goes on, and Mr. Bowpot remains on the platform with feelings similar to those of a careless sailor on a desolate island who has suffered the other members of an exploring party to return to the ship without him.

In this emergency he takes the advice of an intelligent porter and soon finds himself in the coffee-room of a hotel where a stiff waiter informs him that a roast goose will soon be ready for dinner. Throwing off his nervousness, he boldly orders it in, and rushing to the pocket of his overcoat brings forth the volume on cookery and peruses the article *Carving*, while the waiter lays the cloth and arranges the table:

"Mr. Joseph Bowpot took his seat very slowly at the table while the stiff waiter removed the cover from the smoking goose. Joseph made a great display in sharpening his knife, turning up the cuffs of his coat, afterwards his waistbands, then sharpening his knife again, trying it with his thumb, evidently waiting for the stiff waiter to leave the room.

"It was half-past three o'clock and, being a wintry afternoon, was getting dusk.

"Would you like the gas lighted, sir?" inquired the stiff waiter.

"Not at all, not at all," returned Joseph hurriedly. "I—I don't think you need wait."

"The stiff waiter took the hint, but he regarded Joseph with a peculiar expression—made up of curiosity, contempt, and suspicion.

"Joseph looked carefully round the room, and, finding that he was really alone, drew the *Art of Carving* from his pocket, and opening it at page 48 he set it before him against the cruet-stand, reading it across the goose like a piece of music.

"Now," said Joseph, "take your fork firmly in your left hand—so (grasping his fork tightly). Plant it securely in the figure 4. That's about the figure 4, I think (feeling for the spot with his fingers). Very well. Now to 'plant the fork securely' (trying to stick the fork in). Eh! What? Why, there's a confounded bone. Try a little. One more. (Shifts the fork.) A bone there also. Why, hang it, it's all bone. Stay, perhaps I've got the wrong side. Confound these artists, I wish they'd draw better. It's no more like a goose than I am. Suppose we turn over, gently. Wo! (Turns the goose over tenderly.) There goes the gravy all over the table and my trousers. (Sops it up with his pocket handkerchief, looking round once or twice anxiously at the door.) Now, then, one more. Let's see; where were we? Oh! on No. 4. You then, by a dexterous twist of the wrist, separate the leg from the body." (Pausing.) How—dexterous twist? (Perplexed.) Somehow like this, I suppose? Good gracious! He braced himself up for a great effort, but, unfortunately, instead of being successful, he twisted the goose off the table on to the floor, between his feet. For some reason the stiff waiter again made his appearance.

"Ring, sir!" he inquired more laconically than usual.

"Joseph, in his trepidation, seized the dish-cover and clapped it on the empty dish, holding it down with his hand, while he turned round to the perturbed stiff waiter and, with something of indignation in his tone, replied, 'I did not ring; I tell you I did not ring.'

"Hem!" was the answer of the stiff waiter as he again retired.

"Joseph gradually recovered himself, took off the cover, and, lifting the goose up tenderly with both hands from the floor, he placed it again upon the dish and took a couple of glasses of sherry to fortify himself for a final effort.

"Oh! that extremely officious person," he muttered to himself, "he has thrown me into a profuse perspiration. Dear me, the bird's as cold as a stone." He took a couple more glasses of wine.

"I've not," he continued, "tasted substantial food for eight hours, and I feel the pangs of hunger. Why should I hesitate? No one observes me. I will."

"He looked round and, finding himself unobserved, he tore off a leg with his hand, and hacked several small pieces off the surface, eating ravenously all the time. Cold as the bird was, he ate, or rather devoured, a fair quantity, and by the time his appetite was satisfied, the temporary courage inspired by his half pint of sherry was exhausted along with the wine, and he relapsed into his original state of nervous excitement. Suddenly his eyes became fixed upon the dish.

"Good gracious!" he almost shrieked; "what a horrid spectacle. The goose don't look as if it had been carved; it looks as if it had been worried by a bull terrier."

In order that the bird may escape the scrutiny of the stiff waiter, Mr. Bowpot determines to give it away, and beckoning from the window to a man he sees loitering in the street, bestows it upon him, and also, unfortunately, in his hurry, the gravy-pan which was in the dish. The loss of the spoon convinces the stiff waiter that his sus-

picious of the singular gentleman are well founded, and the unfortunate Bowpot falls into a series of difficulties from which he is ultimately rescued by the appearance of his anxious parent. The *Phantom Genius* is another combination of absurd situations admirably adapted for dramatic representations. The other tales are mere sketches, some lively and some sad, but the coloring of all is rather too local to be interesting on this continent—those that are funny seeming better adapted to a London audience than to New York readers, while those that are sad contain descriptions of vice, ignorance, and misery which, thank Heaven! are yet more strange to an American eye.

Guy Hamilton: A Story of our Civil War. By Miss J. H. Mathews. New York: The American News Company. 1866.—It is pleasant to find a book in which some of the incidents connected with our late war are interwoven with a really interesting story, and not, as is too frequently the case, made the vehicle for the diffusion of political opinions—a species of mental food of which Congress and the newspapers afford us an all-sufficing supply. At the same time it is fair to say that, whenever it seems to be necessary to give utterance to any sentiments on the subject, our authoress assumes steadfastly the champion ship of the North. In the first chapter we are introduced to an agreeable party, assembled at the country house of Mr. Van Alstyne, the father of the beautiful and volatile Kate, whom we must call one of the three heroines of the book; for the interest is so equally divided between her, her friend Anna Hamilton, and the gentle Sybil—the victim of her step-mother's tyranny—that it would be difficult to say which of the young ladies claims the greater share of our sympathy. Mrs. Brockhurst, the said step-mother, is one of the strong characters of the story, powerful to do evil, unequivocally and irredeemably bad, dividing her energies between futile endeavors to attract the attention of her host, with a view to becoming his second wife, and unremitting efforts to set the whole party by the ears and create as much mischief and mutual distrust as possible. The arrival of Major Stuart, one of the heroes of the war, absent from his regiment on sick leave, accompanied by two of his brother officers, and Harry Arnold who brings with him a young Englishman named Wyndham, affords the amiable lady ample opportunity for the exercise of her curiosity and malevolence. She is not slow to perceive that Major Stuart is in love with Kate, and that a mutual attachment is springing up between Mr. Van Alstyne and Anna Hamilton, but there is a deep mystery surrounding Mr. Wyndham, between whom and the fair Anna a secret understanding appears to subsist, and which baffles all her efforts at discovery. The Englishman is for a time a sore puzzle to every one, that is, every one except Anna and poor Sybil; Anna, who lies in momentary dread that Major Stuart should detect in Wyndham—notwithstanding his darkened hair and blue spectacles—his former associate at West Point, but now the fugitive rebel officer—Guy Hamilton; and Sybil, his wife by a marriage contracted clandestinely before leaving Charleston, and who is now driven to the verge of frenzy in the endeavor to elude the vigilance of her step-mother and effect an escape with Hamilton to Canada.

It is necessary to guard the secret from Mr. Van Alstyne in order to protect him from the accusation of knowingly harboring a rebel, but his jealousy is roused by Mrs. Brockhurst, who informs him of sundry meetings between Anna and Hamilton, and his worst fears are realized by overhearing a portion of a conversation during which many terms of endearment are used by brother and sister towards each other. The accidental removal of the blue spectacles causes Major Stuart to recognize Hamilton, and duty compels him to arrest the rebel officer, who agrees to proceed under guard to New York on the morrow. Meanwhile, Mrs. Brockhurst has likewise made a great discovery, and has written privately to the general commanding in New York informing of Hamilton's whereabouts. The general immediately sends a sergeant and two soldiers to secure the prisoner. Hamilton knocks down the sergeant, who fires a revolver at him, the report of which rouses Sybil from her bed of sickness; she throws herself frantically upon the body of her wounded husband, and amid the general confusion the sister is borne off in a state of insensibility, followed by Van Alstyne, who only then discovers the name and position of his guest. Major Stuart and Kate figure prominently towards the close of the story, and Dr. Wells, though a mere sketch, is a "dear old soul." We cannot but regret that two of the heroines should pass so much of their time on beds of sickness, and that the remaining one should be reduced to very nearly the same condition. There is some confusion in the earlier portion of the story and a want of clearness in the mode of telling it, but although the style is faulty and inelegant, it is free from any taint of coarseness or vulgarity.

Last Words of Eminent Persons. Compiled by Joseph Kaines. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1866.—As may be guessed from its title, this volume is a collection of excerpts giving an account of the last moments of people who have made some noise in the world, which may therefore be supposed to be interested in their mode of leaving it. It begins with Addison and ends with Zuinglius, having visited some two hundred and thirty death-beds by the way. The subject is rather mournful for holiday times, but is nevertheless an extremely interesting one, and has been treated by the present compiler with taste and discretion. He thinks it necessary to state that in making his collection he had no theory to prove, no sect to serve. His "object was rather a psychological than a religious one." Of "death-bed scenes," in which the last hours of persons assumed to be infidels are contrasted with those of persons known to be Christians, there are enough extant. His aim is a catholic one: that of comprehending the last words of illustrious characters of all nations, ranks, and occupations, in the full belief that a readable book could be made of such utterances, "from the contemplation of

which all might derive advantage, whatever their creed, party, age, or sex." The book is almost unique of its kind, the only attempt at anything of the sort in our literature having been the *Book of Death*, published many years ago and long since out of print. Mr. Kaines quotes from this book in his *Last Words* as well as from a great many others. Some of his matter is, however, printed for the first time. We are somewhat surprised to notice no American names in the book with the single exception of that of Tom Paine; and although the author reminds us that many of the noblest, best, and purest of our race have died and made no sign—giving this as a reason for notable omissions—this scarcely explains a neglect which appears so sweeping that it can hardly be supposed to have been accidental. For all this the work has a positive and exceptional value which will probably cause it to be generally sought and eagerly perused.

The Origin of the Stars, and the Causes of their Motions and their Light. By Jacob Ehnis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The present work comes rather opportunely, when the public mind is so greatly interested in stellar phenomena as to accept with avidity, we may suppose, any worthy contributions on the subject. Professor Ehnis handles his subject with the skill of a man who has thoroughly mastered—so far as they can be mastered—its mysteries and intricacies, and his book will interest not scientific persons alone, but the general mass of intelligent readers. The work is divided into four parts, the first one commencing, like the *Book of Genesis*, with the creation of light. Part second contains a new theory of the force which has prolonged the light and heat of the sun through the vast duration revealed by geology—a theory which will provoke much dissent and attract much curiosity. The third part demonstrates, or assumes to demonstrate, that the origin of the stars was from a condensation of matter previously in a very rare or gaseous condition; it also explains the origin of many astronomical phenomena, such as the reason why the four exterior planets have all the satellites except one, and why, of the four interior planets, the earth alone has a satellite. The fourth part completes the argument, begun in the third, to show that gravity is the force which originally gave their motions to the stars. The work is full of information, and gives some valuable tables and statistics as well as appropriate diagrams and a useful index. It will have, no doubt, a large sale, and will take a permanent place in our astronomical literature.

Discourses of Redemption, as Revealed at "Sundry Times and in Divers Manners," etc. By Rev. Stuart Robinson, Pastor of the Second Church, Louisville. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. Pp. 488.—The design of these discourses is to exhibit in a popular way the successive series of the divine dispensations, as revealed through patriarchs, prophets, Jesus, and the apostles. They are, in the main, favorable specimens of this kind of discourse, bearing the stamp of orthodoxy, vigor, and fervor. Some of the statements as to the degree of theological knowledge possessed by the patriarchs, and under the old dispensation, may be subject to abatement; but the general bearing of the book is salutary and correct, though, perhaps, better adapted to enlighten the ignorant and confirm the faithful than to convince critics and gainsayers. In the author's theory as to the relation of church and state there is much matter for reflection and controversy. Though the church and the state have different spheres, they are yet closely related; the state in many ways protects the church, and the church is bound to be loyal to the state and to pray for its rulers. This is certainly not "Erastianism," but plain ethics and common sense; and all of Dr. Robinson's ingenuity cannot make out that such duties are irrational or unscriptural, or derogate in any way from the proper independence of the church.

The See of St. Peter the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Center of Unity. By Thomas William Allies, A.M. Third edition. New York: L. Ketchum. 1866. Pp. 310.—The first edition of this work of Mr. Allies was published in 1850, on the eve of his passing over into the Roman Catholic Church; and it contains the usual arguments, clearly presented, for the papal supremacy. The author had previously (in 1840) published a volume defending the Church of England from the charge of schism. Between these two books Dr. Pusey, in his late *Eirenicon*, found a contradiction, on which he enlarges, giving to the earlier volume the praise of greater fairness. Mr. Allies, in a long preface to this new edition, defends himself; taking the ground that he defended the Church of England because he supposed the royal supremacy would not be enforced in matters of doctrine, but that, finding himself undeceived by the results of the noted Gorham case, he was obliged to give up this position, and go over to the Roman Catholic Church. He has in this reply broken the force of some of Dr. Pusey's objections, though his old argument against the papacy, that it changed a mere primacy of honor into a monarchy, still remains good and strong.

Curious Questions. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. Newark, N. J.: J. J. O'Connor & Co. 1866. Pp. 292.—"The author, in reading the works of American authors, has observed that their errors arise from a lack of first principles, from a defect in their primary education." "Logic, and natural humility, which consists in the consciousness of the mind's weakness, render many infallible." The first of these sentences, taken from the preface, indicates what the author proposes to do; the second may lead to an inference as to his qualifications for enlightening the American mind as to the first principles of things. The author has read and reflected upon many curious metaphysical and moral problems, but his discussions are fragmentary and incomplete. His account of some of the principles of the systems of Gioberti and Rosmini is interesting; and his polemics against pantheism are timely. He finds that the nineteenth century is "essentially

pagan," and implies that his philosophy, grounded in the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, is the chief remedy for the manifold disorders of the race.

Nameless: A Novel. By Fanny Murdaugh Downing. New York: Hillen & Co. 1866.—As a critic is generally understood to be an impersonal being, we trust to escape the charge of want of gallantry when we say that the authoress of *Nameless* has decidedly mistaken her vocation, and that the long, improbable, and badly-written story is to all intents and purposes a failure. Sensation headings to chapters will not supply an interest which does not exist, and commonplace reflections delivered in equally commonplace language only weary the reader without impressing him with any sense of thought or capacity on the part of the writer. The story is one which no artistic skill could render interesting, and the mode of rendering would infallibly spoil a better plot.

The Home Life, in the Light of its Divine Idea. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. New York: Appleton & Co. 1867. Pp. 327.—The idea of a Christian home, in its nature, training, and results, is brought out in this little volume with beauty and force. The great idea of the author has been to study the whole subject in the light which Christ and his gospel casts upon it. The titles of the chapters will indicate the various aspects under which the subject is treated: *They Two shall be One, These Little Ones, The Just Master, The Faithful Servant, Education, The Nurture of the Lord, Recreation, Getting Out into Life, The Family Ministry, The Golden Autumn, The Whole Family.*

Political Economy of Prophecy, etc. By Rev. R. C. Shimeck. New York. 1866. **The State of the Church and the World, etc.** By Rev. J. G. Gregory, A.M. From the London edition. New York. 1867.—Both of these works are by ardent millenarians, and both make the disputed number 666 to refer to Louis Napoleon. The Antichrist culminates in him. History will soon decide as to the correctness of this interpretation of the great enigma of prophecy. In case the world should soon come to an end, these expositors cannot be accused of having given an incorrect or a needless warning.

Christian Ethics; or, The Science of Duty. By Joseph Alden, D.D., LL.D. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blake-man & Co. 1866. Pp. 167.—Dr. Alden is well known as an educator, and as the author of manuals on *Intellectual Philosophy* and *The Science of Government*. This work on ethics is a plain, straightforward account of our various duties, based on a correct theory of the supremacy of right and pervaded by a constant deference to the revealed word of God.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Geo. P. PHILES, New York.—*Bibliotheca Americana Vetusisima*. A Description of Works relating to America published between the years 1492 and 1551. Pp. 519.
VIRTUE & YORSTON, New York.—*The Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea*. By Benson J. Lossing. Pp. 464.
J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston.—*Finnette*. By Edouard Laboulaye. Pp. 90. 1867.
HARPER & BROS., New York.—*Fairy Tales of All Nations*. By Edouard Laboulaye. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Pp. 363.
Madonna Mary. By Mrs. Oliphant. Pp. 182. 1866.
WM. V. SPENCER, Boston.—*First Years in Europe*. By George Calvert. Pp. 303. 1866.
FOWLER & WELLS, New York.—*Æsop's Fables*. Illustrated. Pp. 72. 1867.
Story of a Stomach. Pp. 60. 1867.
R. W. CARRINGTON & Co., Cincinnati.—*Nasby: Diverse Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Yours Truly, Petroleum V. Nasby*. Pp. 424.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—*The Merchant of Berlin*. By L. Mühlbach. Pp. 394. 1867.
M. W. DODD, New York.—*The Draytons and the Davenants*. By the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*. Pp. 509. 1866.
LAWRENCE KEHOE.—*Sermons by the Paulites*. Pp. 440. 1867.
GOLD & LINCOLN.—*Knowledge is Power*. By Charles Knight. Pp. 503. 1867.
M. DOOLADY, New York.—*Poems*. By Mary E. Tucker. Pp. 216. 1867.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—*The Common Nature of Epidemics*. By Southwood Smith, M.D. Pp. 130. 1866.
GEN. PROT. EPIS. SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION and CHURCH BOOK SOCIETY, New York.—*A Summer at Marley*. By Annie F. Ver-nor. Pp. 241.
Grace Houghton's Story. By Miss Lee. Pp. 227. 1866.
Charity, or, Nettie's Victories. Pp. 168. 1866.
Lillie's Visit. By Cousin Emma. Pp. 62. 1867.
Christmas Eve. Pp. 71. 1866.
King Tarantula. By Miss Anna B. Cooke. Pp. 40; and Not Always Better than Our Neighbors. Pp. 35.
LEYBOLD & HOLZ, New York.—*Poems*. By Robert K. Weeks. Pp. 142. 1866.
CHAS. L. JONES, New York.—*The Visiting Book*.
H. B. DURAND, New York.—*The Criterion*. By A. Cleveland Cox, Bishop of Western New York. Pp. 120. 1866.
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—*Jesus Christ's Adoring Love*. By Rev. John Flavel. Pp. 156.
Bible Emblems. By late Rev. E. E. Seelye, D.D. Pp. 222.
JOHN WILEY & SON.—*An Elementary Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis*. By Maurice Perkins. Pp. 65. 1867.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

- GEN. PROT. EPIS. SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, New York.—*Christmas Decorations*. Pp. 48. 1866.
JOHN PENNINGTON & SON, Philadelphia.—*Father Tom and the Pope*. Pp. 71. 1867.
HARPER & BROS., New York.—*Lizzie Lorton, of Grey Rigg*. By E. Lynn Linton. Pp. 168. 1866.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS.—*Father Tom and the Pope*. Illustrated. Pp. 105. 1866.
We have also received current issues of *Belgravia*—London; *The Galaxy*, Illustrated Annual of Phenology and Physiognomy—New York; *The Church Monthly*, *The American Journal of Horticulture and Florist's Companion*—Boston; *The Southern Cultivator*—Athens, Ga.; *Home Monthly*—Nashville.

It is our intention, from the commencement of the year, to give a monthly review of the leading monthly and quarterly periodicals.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us touching the great omissions in the existing collections of Edgar Poe's writings, which contain much that were better omitted, while ignoring not a little that should be preserved. A large

number of his magazine articles are not included in Griswold's four-volume edition of his works; among which are his rejoinder to Thomas Dunn English's reply to his (Poe's) strictures on the literati of New York, one of its author's special favorites; the analysis of the earlier numbers of *Barnaby Rudge*, which, according to Mr. Duyckinck, gained Mr. Dickens's especial admiration; and, if it can be recovered, if indeed it ever was written, the conclusion of *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, which was abruptly terminated with a note, apparently by the editor of the magazine in which it appeared, stating that there was no space for the remainder. By this time, too, it should be possible for some of the poet's contemporaries to write a memoir, appreciative though honest, which should replace that by Mr. Griswold. It is known that a new edition of Poe's works is in preparation, and it is to be hoped that in it will be rectified the defects and errors of what we now have; for it can scarcely be hoped that another edition will be issued before many of those have passed away whose associations with the poet and familiarity with his literary career would enable them to make the collection such as we ought to have had long ago.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co. issue an exquisite little gift book in a translation from M. Edouard Laboulaye's *Finnette: a Legend of Brittany*. Its binding and letter-press are very tasteful; but the grotesque wood-cuts, lavishly strewn through the text, so strikingly resemble those of Doré as to invite a dangerous comparison. One of the first places among the gift books of the season will undoubtedly be due to that of Messrs. Strahan & Co., to the typographical perfection of whose books we have so often had occasion to allude. The work, which is entitled *Touche of Nature and Art*, will contain one hundred gold-bordered pictures, prepared by the skillful Brothers Dalziel, at a cost, we understand, of over £2,000.

MR. CARLETON is on the eve of publishing what must be a very extraordinary work indeed. Prophets are said to enjoy no honor in their own country, but the following flowing eulogium from *The Mobile News* furnishes an exception whose memory we would not willingly let die. That there are people of culture and of refined and scrupulous taste in the South we have abundant reason to know; such an evidence of the revival of letters and of the demand for wholesome criticism as is afforded by this sprightly excerpt ought surely to yield them a pleasure as unalloyed as, so far as our late observation will enable us to judge, it must be unique:

"THE FORTHCOMING GREAT WORK.—*St. Elmo* is the title, as has generally been announced by the press, of the new work of a gifted authoress, Miss Augusta Evans, of Mobile, Ala., a southern lady in every respect—by birth, education, prejudice, sympathy, feeling, or what not. From a learned and accomplished friend of the fair writer—and literary confidante, too, to some extent, we infer—we gather that this great work will be published simultaneously, in New York and London, during the first half of December.

"To say that *St. Elmo* is superior to *Beulah* or *Macaria*, or even to class it as *præsumitur inter pares*, is certainly very high commendation. At any rate, a Mobile bookseller must have some very unmistakable assurances, over and above the prestige clinging to the name of the authoress, that it will be a remarkable book, for he has ordered, as we are further informed, a thousand copies of it, from the publishers, so soon as it leaves the press.

"But, after all, as much as we admire this highly-gifted and highly-cultured lady, it is really her thorough heart-perfection, her sentiment of sleepless, tireless, ever-active patriotism, her fervent, ceaseless devotion to the South, her appreciative sensitiveness to all its hallowed histories and memories, that challenge most our admiration, yea, our adoration. To this distinguished championess, then, of Freedom, that chants its way-garlanded altar the earliest matins and the latest vespers, around whose fair brow Fame has encircled its richest wreath of laudatory immortelles, we can emphatically say truthfully say:

"Thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,

One of the few, the immortal names,

That were not born to die."

THE number of projected magazines almost justifies the newspaper rumor that a literary gentleman of leisure has been employed to make a list of them. The appearance of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's *Riverside Magazine for Young People* was disappointingly delayed by the difficulty of printing the brilliantly illuminated cover, but will probably, before this reaches our readers, have been issued with a highly attractive table of contents especially adapted to the holiday season. *The Galaxy*, which can no longer be ranked among the new magazines, and at least deserves to have become firmly established among the three or four first favorites, announces as a serial, to be commenced in January, *Waiting for the Verdict*, by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, author of *Life in the Iron Mills*, *Margaret Hoveth*, and other works. Her new story is said to be of a more elaborate character than anything she has yet published, and will be illustrated by Mr. Hennessy.

MR. EDWARD H. HALL, editor of the *United States Handbook of Travels*, sailed last Tuesday on his way, *via* the Pacific, to China and Japan. His journey, on which he will be gone until spring or summer, is undertaken for the purpose of revising his own book and the Messrs. Appleton's hand-books of the Far West, and also of procuring new views of important points on the Pacific coast.

MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM is about to resume, in partnership with his son, his old avocation of publisher in this city, with which he will unite a commission agency for supplying public and private libraries. Mr. Putnam was one of our most accomplished publishers, and his well-known imprint upon the editions of Washington Irving, Bayard Taylor, and other standard works has prevented the public from forgetting the publisher in the official.

MR. WILLIAM H. HERNDON's *Life of Lincoln* is to be accompanied by a *Bibliographia Lincolniana* comprising, it is set forth, "every word which appears on the title-page, *verbatim et literatim et punctatim*, the size, the number of pages, the text, and the number of copies printed, of every sermon, eulogy, address, etc., etc., occasioned by the death of President Lincoln." The work is under the charge of Mr. Charles H. Hart, the corresponding secretary of the Numismatic and Antiquarian

Society of Philadelphia, who desires a general co-operation to acquaint him with anything relating to the matter, of which completeness and accuracy are of prime historical importance.

SOME discussion has arisen, and a great deal more is inevitable, as to the literary merits and the accuracy of that remarkable work, the *Bibliotheca Americana Vetusissima*. It is certainly a most laborious and painstaking production, and must have cost Mr. Henry Harris a world of toil. If what we hear be true, Mr. S. L. M. Barlow deserves a credit in the premises which all men of letters will cordially recognize and award. As a piece of typographical execution the *Bibliotheca Americana Vetusissima* merits praise of the highest character. We do not know that its superior has ever been issued from the American press. If the Bradstreet press turns out work like this it will acquire not only a first-rate national but also a trans-Atlantic reputation such as has not been hitherto excelled, if, indeed, it has ever been equaled, by American contemporaries.

MR. GEORGE BEMIS is completing an elaborate work on *American Neutrality*, to which he has devoted a great deal of research.

COL. BASIL DUKE is writing a voluminous history of Morgan's cavalry, in which he commanded a regiment.

MISS OLIVE LOGAN has written a novel entitled *John Morris's Money*, which will be published by the American News Company.

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS, of Washington, will soon print a book on Walt Whitman.

MR. WHITTIER'S *Snow Bound*, with photographic illustrations, is among the gift books announced in London.

MR. GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND has returned from his visit to Europe.

MR. S. R. FISK, who is one of the guests on the racing yachts, intends to remain for some months in Europe, where he will collect matter for publication on his return.

MISS CHARLOTTE P. HAWES, known as a vigorous writer of essays, reviews, and poems, which appeared chiefly in *The Atlantic*, *The Boston Commonwealth*, and *The Independent*, died last week at Worcester, of consumption, at the age of 30.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY, to continue the bulletin of his munificence, has given to Danvers \$50,000, wherewith to establish a public library.

DR. J. J. CRAVEN, generally known by *The Prison Life of Jeff. Davis*, has prepared a scientific work on the crustacea and mollusks of the Atlantic coast.

FOREIGN.

ARTEMUS WARD has discontinued his *Punch* letters for a few weeks, but will resume them as soon as the extra labor incident upon opening his "show" is concluded. Their suspension is not due, as has been surmised, to ill-health, for we are happy to learn from Mr. Brown's private letters to his friends that his health is excellent. The success of his exhibition at the outset was what the reporters term "electric," and the leading London papers of all shades—*The Pall Mall Gazette*, *Morning Post*, *Star*, *News*, *Telegraph*, *Sun*, *Illustrated News*, *Spectator*, *Illustrated Times*, *Bell's Life*—all are in accord in long eulogistic descriptions of the showman's debut. *The London Times*, after noting that his first appearance was "before a large audience, comprising an extraordinary number of literary celebrities," says:

"His first entrance on the platform was the signal for loud and continuous laughter and applause, denoting a degree of expectation which a nervous man might have feared to encounter. However, his first sentences, and the way in which they were received, amply sufficed to prove that his success was certain. The dialect of Artemus bears a less evident mark of the western world than that of many American actors, who would fain merge their own peculiarities in the delineation of English character; but his jokes are of that true trans-Atlantic type to which no nation beyond the limits of the States can offer any parallel. These jokes he lets fall with an air of profound unconsciousness—we may almost say melancholy—which is irresistibly droll, aided as it is by the effect of a figure singularly gaunt and lean and a face to match."

The London Review, in the course of a two-column article, observes:

"His manner is exceedingly happy. Droll is about the best word we can describe it by. It is drollery suppressed as only a consummate actor could suppress it—drollery that twinkles in the eye when the face is gravest and plays about the mouth when the rest of the features preserve an almost funereal gravity. You are tickled with a solemnity which you feel is mocking all seriousness. He enjoys the poverty of his own jokes with a sort of enthusiasm at which it is impossible to resist laughing, while at the same time you can see that the joke was made to be laughed at and by a humorist who intended caricature but was equal to superior work. He is dry, but his dryness resembles that of particularly good sherry, which is all the better for being dry. When he commits a pun it is of such a daring kind, so impudent and absurd a pun, that it sounds fresh even after hearing a round of burlesques."

There is no doubt that A. Ward has achieved an immense and doubtless a most profitable success. We know of no way in which it can satisfactorily be accounted for. From a literary point of view it is, of course, quite indefensible to experience pleasure in fun of the order of Ward's and Nasby's, but on the other hand it is totally impossible to resist it; and we have yet to meet any one who, having exposed himself to the test, has not succumbed.

In the decision of the rival claims to the title *Belgravia*—a case which had attracted great attention, and whose settlement was justly regarded as of the first importance to the English publishing interest—the proficiency of the British legal mind in "how not to do it" has been triumphantly vindicated. The judge before whom the case was brought thought the matter too small a one to

trouble himself about, and dismissed it, leaving each party to settle his own costs. So, if the Messrs. Hogg are disposed to use the title to which they lay claim, the struggle will have to be transferred to the ground of the comparative excellence of the rival magazines. From the first two issues of Miss Braddon's *Belgravia* which have reached us we infer that successful competition with it will be well-nigh hopeless. In every detail it is as attractive as any monthly we have seen. A tasteful cover opens upon a judiciously edited collection of decidedly light reading, and a beauty of paper, perfection of letter-press, and quality of illustration unknown in this country—all which are given at the price of our magazines in the halcyon days when there were silver quarter dollars. Among the contributors to the two numbers before us are Laman Blanchard, John Oxenford, Mortimer Collins, Percy Fitzgerald, G. A. Sala; among those to the next, the Christmas number, are Tom Hood (editor of *Fun*), Arthur Sketchley (the Rev. Arthur Rose, alias "Mrs. Brown"), Blanchard Jerrold; while Samuel Lucas, James Hutton, Charles Reade, and numerous other well-known writers are announced as among those whose assistance has been engaged. Truth to say, the artists are not invariably successful. There is no good reason, for example, why the illustration entitled *Ten and Twenty* should represent a belle at a party in an attitude which could only be produced by years of spinal disease, or with an arm so amazingly foreshortened as to appear withered; nor, though drawn by a lady, need a dress coat, sufficiently unsightly in the nature of things, be made to resemble those melancholy garments which are only seen suspended before second-hand Jew shops. In this country, also, a tale whose first two numbers introduced two seductions and an infanticide would not be regarded as a reliable passport for a new magazine to public favor; but from recent English fiction it appears that on the other side the narration of such episodes is held to conduce to morality and virtue. In the *pièce de résistance* of *Belgravia* at present there is, however, nothing of the kind. This is Miss Braddon's—we hope this time really "latest and best"—novel, *Birds of Prey*, which promises indeed to be "sensational," but is graphic and full of force and originality, and whose perusal thus far thoroughly satisfies us of the injustice we were misled into doing its author by crediting a very worthless novel to a pen which we have since learned it was our loss to have been so long unacquainted with.

MR. HENRY C. LEA writes at some length from Philadelphia to *The Reader* in contravention of a theory advanced by that journal, in a review of his *Superstition and Force*, that "the use of the various forms of ordeal arose simply from impatience of regular processes of law, and not from a superstitious reliance on divine interposition to defend the right and to punish crime." Mr. Lea objects to the course of *The Reader* in arguing from the manifestation of their instincts by modern school-boys, and finds a fairer standard of comparison in the customs of modern savages, in whose ordeals, involving danger of pain or death, he cites instances to show that "the reference of a doubtful question to a higher power is indubitable, and it is a fair inference that motives of a similar character influenced the untutored minds of the races which, from India to Ireland, adopted a series of judicial expedients that can hardly be otherwise explained." Admitting that this popular superstition was made available by skeptics for purposes of priest and statecraft, Mr. Lea argues with strong show of reason that recourse to force was had not merely from a brutal fury, but that "a sincere belief generally existed that the event was determined by divine interposition." *Superstition and Force* was in a very small degree an advocacy of any theories of its author's, but rather a most scholarly collection of medieval records which threw light on the barbarous semi-religious jurisprudence which preceded civilization. The evidence gathered in the book was most exhaustive and, in our opinion, fairly substantiates the theory supported in the letter from which we have quoted.

MR. PAUL GRAY, who contributed the cartoon to *Fun*, and frequently made illustrations for *Once a Week*, died recently in London at the age of 24.

A GENUINE and complete edition of the Early English Ballads collected by Bishop Percy for his *Reliques* is at last to appear under the auspices of the Early English Text Society and the editorship of Mr. F. J. Furnivall, while introductions to and collations of the ballads and romances are furnished by Mr. J. W. Hales, and Professor Child, of Harvard, to whom, by the way, we are indebted for the original attempt to unearth and print the bishop's folio manuscript. It is known that Bishop Percy exercised his own discretion in adding, altering, and omitting at will. His collection contains 196 pieces, of nearly 40,000 lines. For a long time the owners of the manuscript repeatedly refused to permit any use being made of it; but now they have consented to place it in Mr. Furnivall's hands for six months, with the right of publication, for the sum of £150; copying and printing will cost £350 more, and the total expenses are estimated at £500, which sum is being raised by subscriptions varying from one to ten guineas. The work will be published by the Messrs. Trübner in two volumes of about 1,200 pages, the first of which they hope to deliver in March, the second in April next. The interest attaching to this little work, from the influence it has exercised upon English literature of the last century and the delight it has afforded to thousands of readers, renders its complete publication a matter of the greatest importance. To the *Reliques* we probably owe the suggestion of the *Waverley Novels*; and certainly much of the charm of the poetry of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and Burns. Professor Child is entitled to all honor for having originated the inquiry which has resulted so profitably.

CHARLES LAMB'S grave in Edmonton churchyard is to be marked by a handsome monument for which a subscription paper is now in circulation in England. Not a

few Americans would be glad to have the opportunity afforded them to render this tribute to the memory of Elia.

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS has published two volumes of essays, chiefly on social topics, and most of which have appeared in *Chambers's Journal*.

MISS MATILDA WRENCH, who, beside numerous translations from the German, wrote some fifteen years since *Visits to Female Prisons at Home and Abroad*, and accompanied Mrs. Fry in her prison visitations, died recently in England.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is about to publish in book-form his *Essays on Hogarth*, originally printed with illustrations in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is to write a novel for the weekly edition of the same paper, for which he is to receive \$25,000. We learn, also, that a request is on its way to Mr. Dickens to deliver a course of lectures or readings in this country, for which a fabulous sum is offered him.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL has consented to write for *The (New York) Tribune* during 1867.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE will contribute to *The Tribune* an article one page in length, for which he is to receive one hundred and fifty guineas.

BISHOP COLENSO is about publishing a volume of heterodoxy taken from his sermons.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Announcements cannot be made unless received on or before the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

H. B. DURAND, New York.
The Criterion: A Means of Distinguishing Truth from Error in Questions of the Times. With four Letters on the Eirenicism of Dr. Pusey. By A. Cleveland Cox, Bishop of Western New York.

The Lady Elgiva. By the author of Bertha Weisser's Wish. Under the Stones. By Cora A. Townsend, 10 years old.
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NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no communications to THE ROUND TABLE will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A correspondent has called attention in THE ROUND TABLE to several stupid blunders in translation, as well as a few instances of anachronism, to be found on page 61 of *The Tilters of the Sea*. One error of the latter sort I have not yet seen noted, although it is patent. The author introduces "Douglas," the Democrat, senator from Illinois, who is four feet high and very eloquent, (called) the "Little Giant."
Would not the "oldest inhabitant" be puzzled to locate the "Little Giant" in the senatorial chair as far back as 1820 or 1830? Has not Hugo been guilty of at least a twenty years' anachronism, and of a very modern statesman at that?
Yours, etc.,
ONONDAGA.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 5, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Your correspondent D. A. C. makes a good suggestion in to-day's paper concerning coincidences of thought among authors. To mark such coincidences is always one of the pleas-

ures attendant upon a varied reading, but in presenting them to others even the diligent observer runs great risk lest what happens to be a discovery to himself should turn out to be very well known to the rest of the world. Assuredly, therefore, I may be excused for doubting if the following coincidences are anything new.

All are familiar with Cowper's celebrated line

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still."

A similar passage has been pointed out in Churchill:

—"be England what she will,

With all her faults she is my country still."

But long before Churchill wrote—say about January 12, 1729—Bolingbroke in one of his letters to Swift winds up with these words: "Dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort and love me on with all mine."

The following is also worth noticing. Campbell in *The Pleasures of Hope* says:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,

And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

However, Dr. Watts had said the same thing long before, as is seen by these lines from his poem *Earth and Heaven*:

"Earth with her scenes of gay delight

Is but a landscape rudely drawn.

With glaring colors and false light;

Distance commends it to the sight

For fools to gaze upon."

We see by comparing these two passages that in Campbell the severity of the expression has been somewhat modified.

Yours truly,

H. S. D.

DECEMBER 1, 1866.

Our correspondent might have collated George Herbert's lines—

Wildly striking, sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer"—

with Dr. Holmes's:

"Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,

A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.

Like the strange weapon the Australian throws,

Your verbal boomerang slaps you in the nose."

So, again, the lines about

"Paddy Time, whose soul at aise is,

Wid the end of his nose

An' the tips of his toes

Turned up to the roots of the daisies,"

reappear almost exactly in Private Miles O'Reilly's

"Long life to ye, Mither Lincoln,

May ye die both late an' aise;

And when ye lie wid the tip of each toe

Turned up to the root of a daisy," etc.

We have quoted merely from memory, and may have made verbal errors, as we know we have made omissions.

The two letters subjoined throw further light upon the origin of "*Révenons à nos moutons*," although, as previously, there is a discrepancy, being now reduced to the question whether Molière did or did not write *L'Avocat Patelin*, a matter on which there is scarcely room for diversity of opinion:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
DEAR SIR: A correspondent in your last number referred "Mélian," who wanted to know the origin of "*Révenons à nos moutons*," to Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, in the chapter on *Les Montons de Panurge*.

"*Révenons à nos moutons*" owes its origin, however, to the hero of an old French play called *L'Avocat Patelin*, a French Pecksniff, who, during a debate on mutton that had been stolen, frequently reminds a loquacious client not to abandon the subject at issue, but to "*return to our muttons*." The popularity of this play—one scene of which has the "*Révenons à nos moutons*" more than twenty times—is evidenced also by the fact that *patelin* and *patelinage* have become French words equivalent to hypocritical and petting in common parlance, but, of course, best understood by those familiar with the most celebrated comedy of the French stage before Molière.

Let "Mélian" make herself acquainted with *Pantagruel* and *L'Avocat Patelin*, and decide for herself whose information is more correct—your New York correspondent's or

THE SUBSCRIBER'S.

DECEMBER 1, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
DEAR SIR: Your correspondent under this heading, A. Austen, has, I believe, given a wrong origin to the French idiomatic expression, "*Révenons à nos moutons*." Instead of being as old as Rabelais, it is of much later date, for Molière coined it in his well known comedy, *L'Avocat Patelin*. In this play it is introduced repeatedly by an indignant judge, who thus recalls the wandering wits of a shepherd who is pleading a case against some rogue who has stolen his sheep, and is every moment broaching off into some other topic. The judge abruptly exclaims "*Révenons à nos moutons*." I may add that the phrase was never in use as a current idiom in France until after the production of Molière's play.

I am, etc.,
AGATHON.

BROOKLYN, December 1, 1866.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 66.

SATURDAY, DEC. 8.

MR. SEWARD AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW,
THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE, THE STORM IN IRELAND, OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION,
A NATIONAL MUSEUM, CRINOLINE AND THE STYLE EMPIRE, CRUEL KINDNESS,
MR. G. WASHINGTON MOON'S CRITICISM.

CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

MR. MOON AND HIS CRITICISMS.

REVIEWS:

MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS, MEDICAL ELECTRICITY, BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS, ARCHIE LOVELL, RIGHT AND LEFT, GREEK FOR LITTLE SCHOLARS, SARGENT'S STANDARD PRIMER, HOLIDAY MANUALS, TREATISE ON INTRENCHMENTS, MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES, THE HEAVENLY FATHER, ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND,

ART: ART NOTES.

LITERARIANA.

PERSONAL.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

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